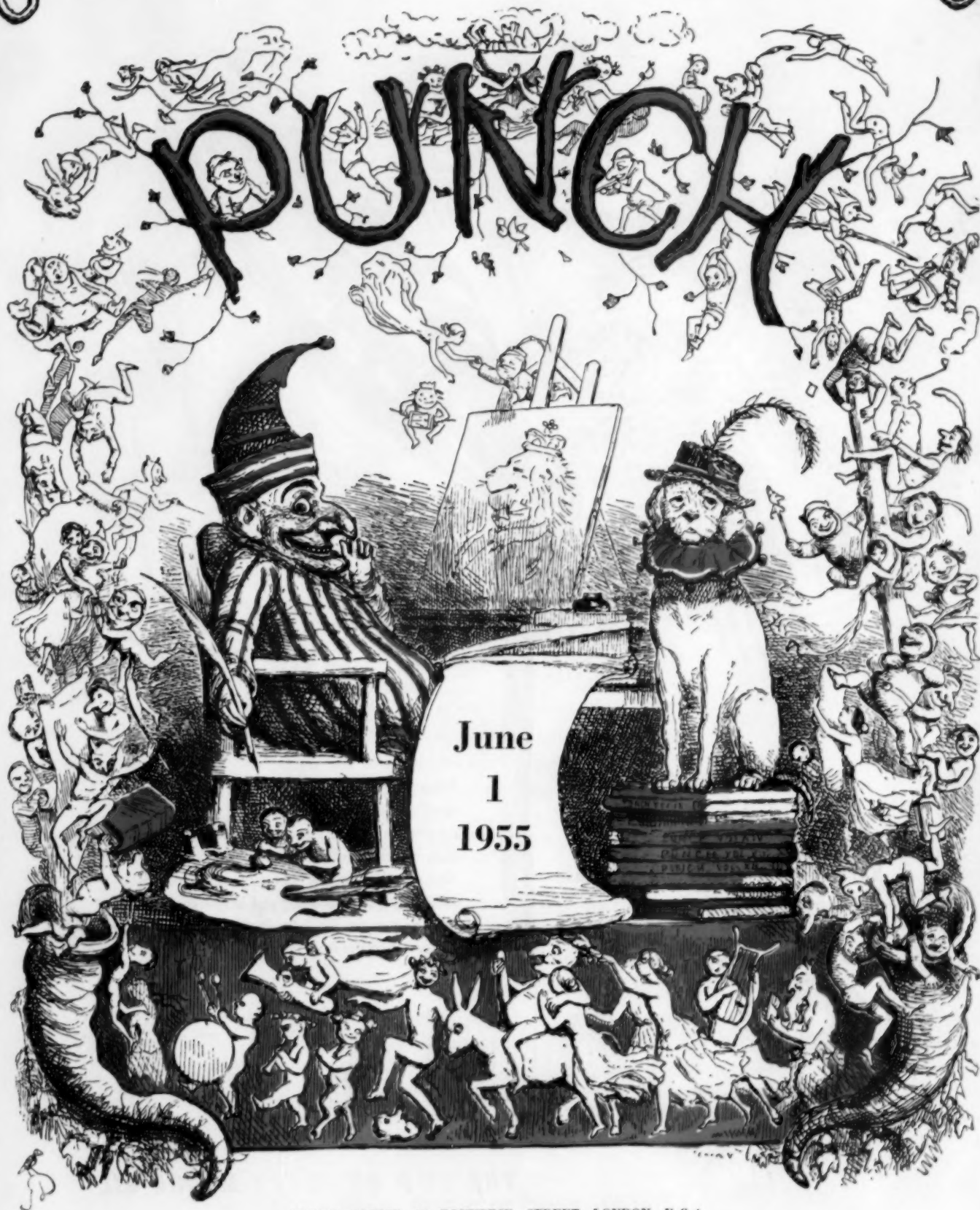


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Essolube

WHATEVER make of car you drive, the high-speed heavily-loaded friction surfaces of the engine are completely protected by a smooth, almost unbreakable, pressure, acid and heat-resisting film of Essolube. Because of this protection you enjoy smoother, quieter running and longer engine life. Be sure you get Essolube in the sealed, quality-protecting bottles from your local garage.

THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL



Men have been seeking the source of the Amazon
ever since the river was discovered four and a half centuries ago.

Now the mystery has been solved by means of a simple green dyestuff—fluoresceine.

With its aid, a British-led expedition proved Lake Ninococha,

which lies high up in the Peruvian Andes,
to be the source of this great river.

Minute quantities of fluoresceine—

which can be seen even when diluted four million times—were sprinkled into the lake.

They soon coloured the waters of two adjacent lakes and, later, the tell-tale green hue
appeared in the River Marañon, which is known to be the upper reach of the Amazon itself.

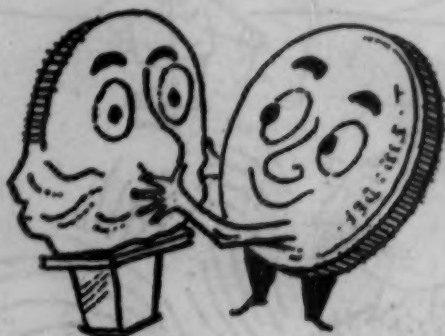
This was but one use of a dyestuff which has proved its worth
in many unusual ways—it has been used, for example,
to mark the position of pilots who have baled out into the sea.

Made by I.C.I., fluoresceine belongs to the Company's large and versatile range of dyestuffs,
which today are supplied not only for textile applications,
but to many other colour users at home and abroad.

*Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research
and production are serving the Nation.*



Does money make money?



Ask a man of substance what helped him most on the road to success. "Expert financial advice," as often as not he'll reply.

Anyone who needs constructive advice about money should go to their nearest branch of the National Provincial Bank. Just ask to see the Manager. You'll find him a fund of useful information and you'll make a friend for life.

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where good fortunes grow



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20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

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About colour and looks, of course, but *first* about protection.

An outside paint must protect the surface or the weather will get down to its destructive work. The fabric of the building will suffer.

Remember that the stucco and woodwork of Georgian and Queen Anne houses have survived two hundred years and more of English weather under white lead paint.

White Lead Paint Lasts.

Magnet is the modern white lead paint with a fine lustrous gloss. It is available in more than 30 colours — all intermixable. It costs no more than any other good paint in the first place: in the long run it costs much less. Because it lasts and because its even wear makes repainting cheaper, decorators recommend, wise people specify . . .

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for the OUTSIDE

ASSOCIATED LEAD MANUFACTURERS LIMITED • LONDON • NEWCASTLE • CHESTER

Everyone's pleased with the Midget

Dashing sports car or comfortable family saloon? If he's shrewd enough to choose an M.G. Midget, it will be a blessed union of both forms of motoring. For him, the performance of a truly sporting thoroughbred — snappy acceleration, firm well-damped suspension, direct rack-and-pinion steering, fast and effortless cruising. And

for her, everything that a woman looks for in a car. Elegance of line, roomy and comfortable seating (with real leather upholstery incidentally), safety glass throughout, and sumptuous walnut fascia panel and interior woodwork. You can learn much more about the 1½ litre Midget from your M.G. dealer. Call on him today!

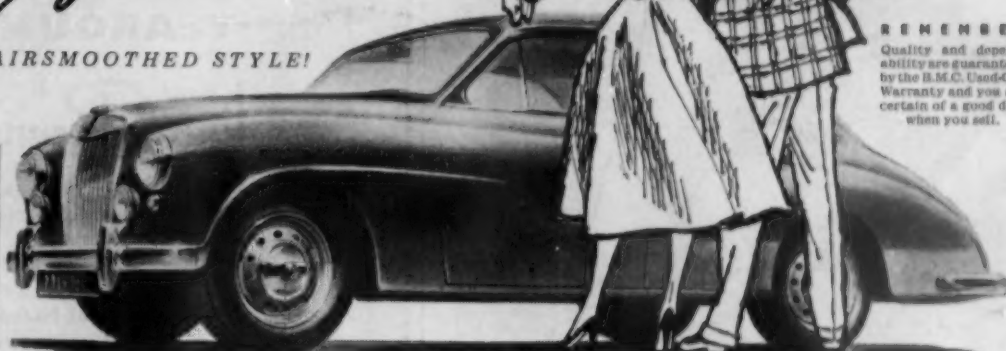
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WHAT WOMEN LIKE MOST ABOUT MEN

By Prince Gourielli

HAVE you ever heard the words: "such a clean-cut young man" or "how well-groomed he always is"? According to a recent survey it is grooming that the girls find it hardest to resist. Effeminate? Nonsense! Using the resources of the famous laboratories of my wife, Helena Rubinstein (the celebrated cosmetician), I have designed a new range of toilet preparations for men and men only. The scent I chose has a rugged freshness that's unmistakably masculine; and the original cocktail-shaker flasks are plainly 'his'. What constitutes good grooming? Let's start at the top. YOUR HAIR. Dandruff? ... greasy and dull? ... dry and lifeless? Try my new Tonic Hair Shampoo (7/9) followed by Tonic Hair Groom (15/6). The shampoo contains a special agent to control dandruff and the hair groom is vitamin-enriched. YOUR FACE. Without a doubt your face's worst enemy is the razor. To protect tender skin I have created a New Enriched Shave Cream (in Classic Bowl 10/9) blended of super-soft oils that penetrate the most grizzled beard and lubricate the skin beneath. To carry on the good work I developed a special After-Shave Lotion (15/6) to nourish, tone and soothe. Note: a lotion. YOUR BODY. For general good-grooming there is Prince Gourielli Men's Soap (3 man-sized tablets for 10/9) ... Talcum For Men (discreetly treated with a new deodorant, 7/9) ... and Eau de Cologne For Men (19/6). Available from leading stores and chemists. P.G.



The crowning glory of a well-kept car!

Fit for the finest
—for the finest fit



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Tailored

car seat covers

- See the range of
- **BEAUTIFUL**
- **MATERIALS**
- **CORONET 'REX'**
- Double-textured material in attractive check and tartan designs amazingly hard-wearing.
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- Double-textured material with silky sheen finish in beautiful colour range of miniature Glen checks and tartans.
- **CORONET 'ROYAL'**
- Beautiful silky finished cloth exclusive to Coronet in unique ribbed pattern, with surrounds in Melton.
- **CORONET 'MELTON'**
- Self-coloured woollen cloth, luxurious quality.

Coronet covers are mobile elegance—they are the finest that money can buy and yet most reasonable in price. They are as smart, as snug fitting and as permanent in appearance as the original upholstery. They are tailored in sets in a superb range of materials to fit your car to the exact dimensions of your own particular make and model, and cost from only 8½ gns. Bedford Cord from as little as 5 gns. for a complete four-seater car.

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Because he—or is he a daughter?—is yours for life, you are already thinking about schools—and school bills. Two of the good things about the Standard "Public Schools Policy" are that much of this expense is sensibly spread over the years before the child goes to school and that, even should anything happen to you, your plans for the child's education can still be carried out.

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for Life'*



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JANUARY		FEBRUARY		MARCH		APRIL	
Sun	29 142233	Sun	14 142233	Sun	14 142233	Sun	4 101724
Mon	30 101724	Mon	15 142233	Mon	15 142233	Mon	5 111825
Tue	31 111825	Tue	16 142233	Tue	16 142233	Tue	6 121926
Wed	1 121926	Wed	17 142233	Wed	17 142233	Wed	7 132027
Thu	2 132027	Thu	18 142233	Thu	18 142233	Thu	8 142128
Fri	3 142128	Fri	19 142233	Fri	19 142233	Fri	9 152229
Sat	4 152229	Sat	20 142233	Sat	20 142233	Sat	10 162330
MAY		JUNE		JULY		AUGUST	
Sun	1 162330	Sun	1 162330	Sun	1 162330	Sun	1 162330
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Sat	7 162330	Sat	7 162330	Sat	7 162330	Sat	7 162330
SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
Sun	1 162330	Sun	1 162330	Sun	1 162330	Sun	1 162330
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Sat	7 162330	Sat	7 162330	Sat	7 162330	Sat	7 162330



"YEAROUND"

BY

Lincoln Bennett

A medium weight felt hat suitable for year-round wear. Modern low crown style with fully adaptable brim suitable for either snap or off-the-face wear. Quilon showerproofed. Oil-silk covered satin lining.

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Whenever, wherever, however, you drink gin, you strike a shrewd blow for old-time standards when you call for

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What's in it for you, Mrs. Broom?

What have Thames Board Mills to do with *your* house-keeping? Quite a bit, really! Think of all the goods you buy in those nice convenient containers—*cardboard* packets, *fibreboard* boxes. Without them you would be back in the bad old days of contaminated food, unreliable goods, dreariness and drudgery. Well, Thames

Board Mills make over half the packaging board produced in Britain. And the higher your standard of living rises, the greater the demand for "Thames Board" and "Fiberite" cases. Vital indeed is the part that Thames Board Mills have to play in the nation's economy.



Thames Board Mills Limited

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

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"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc.

"FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard

JUNE

THE OLD CHERRY-PICKER

The ripe cherries of June remind us of our absolutely favourite person in English and Irish history. Katherine Fitzgerald, Countess of Desmond, was born 1464 and died 1604. (There are spoil-sports who dispute that date of birth, and say the old Countess was a mere 104 when she died. We are less niggardly, and insist on 140.) But it is not her great age alone that puts the Countess at the top of our list of favourites. The fact is that, at the age of 90, she broke her leg falling out of a cherry-tree. We have never found record of anybody else falling out of a cherry-tree at the age of 90. We are sorry for Katherine Fitzgerald. It must have been painful. But what was she *doing* up a cherry-tree at the age of 90? History does not in fact relate. Perhaps she had gone up to fix a hammock, so that she could snooze in the sun. She may have been trying to rescue a stranded and yiauling kitten. But we prefer to think that she was picking, or trying to pick, some particularly juicy-looking cluster from a tree when her grumpy young (say about 75) gardener wasn't looking.



We cannot protect you from the hazards of cherry-picking, but we can help you to safeguard the future of those who depend on you. Ask at any Midland Bank branch for details.

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LTD.



"Listen,
Mr. Executive

... you're wasting an awful lot of manpower down there, you know."

"I am? How?"

"Well—all those men pushing trolleys, when *one* man with an electric truck could do the job by himself!"

"Maybe he could, but what about the continual battery replacement? We're not made of money, you know!"

"Batteries last a good deal longer than you seem to think—years longer, providing they're good."

"How good?"

"As good as an OLDHAM. The OLDHAM people have got the know-how about battery-making—their traction batteries are the best you can buy."

"Um... OLDHAM you say?—I'll remember that."

OLDHAM

TRACTION BATTERIES

OLDHAM & SON LTD.
DENTON, MANCHESTER. ESTABLISHED 1865



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662270 & 707183

THE PLUS Fordham Caddy

Offers quite remarkable value for money.

- ★ Study its unique folding advantages
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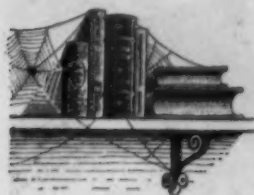
THEN CONSIDER ITS REASONABLE PRICE

£6 . 10 . 0 incl. P.T. with white low pressure tyres
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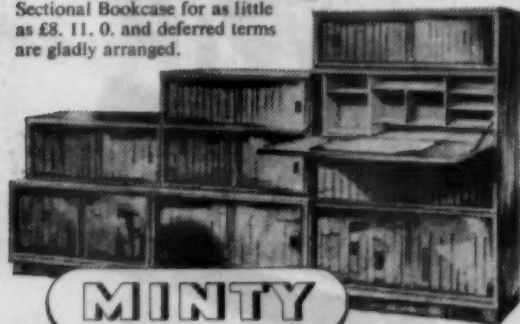
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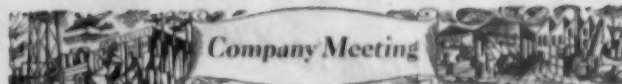
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SCHWEPPE'S LIMITED

Extracts from Chairman's Annual Statement

"THE growth of our business over the past seven years can be seen by comparing 1948 figures with those of 1954.

SHAREHOLDERS' CAPITAL

"IN 1948, Shareholders' Capital and Reserves totalled £2,405,000 as against the 1954 figure of £4,653,000, the increase being represented by a further £1,450,000 of new share capital subscribed and £798,000 ploughed back into the business out of undistributed profits.

Profit, after charging depreciation but before taxation, was £246,000 in 1948 (10 per cent on the Capital plus Reserves) as against £940,000 (over 20 per cent) for 1954.

TAXATION

"TAXATION absorbed only £134,000 as against £469,000, which figure would have been substantially higher but for the removal of Excess Profits Levy (which the previous year had cost the Company £75,000).

WORKERS' PROSPERITY

"HAVING considered the position of our large body of Shareholders who have ventured their capital in our enterprise, it might interest you to know how our work-people have fared over the same period.

I have told you on a previous occasion of the advantages they have earned from the prosperity of our Company in the form of extended pension benefits and health schemes. What of their cash earnings? Since 1948, the average wage has risen by 75 per cent, and, in addition, the Annual Bonus which reflects the profits of the Company has increased by 200 per cent, and this year amounted to £70,000."



"For a man of thirty English summers, dear, you should be more perceptual in a damp, mostly chilly climate beds should be well-wired all the year round. A 'Warmabed' Electric Blanket, the answer—it happens to be the finest and most reliable made. 'Warmabeds' are every bit pure wool which is far more satisfactory than substitutes. It retains the heat, you know." "Well there's no need for you to be chilly, darling! At least I had enough perception to choose a clever wife."

Warmabed

"WARMABED" Electric Blankets are supplied in 100% Pure Wool, in pink, periwinkle blue, honeyuckle or willow green.

3 Sizes: JUNIOR £4.14.6 SINGLE £8.19.0 DOUBLE £12.5.7

(All prices include Purchase Tax)

Ask to see the Warmabed Electric Blanket Regulator 55/-

In case of any difficulty in obtaining locally, write for illustrated brochure and address of nearest stockist.
MODERN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, KNOTTINGLEY, YORKSHIRE.



The **GLUCOSE** in it
gives you **GO**

Never say 'No' to a long cool glass of Robinson's Squash. When you're playing hard or working hard you need the real refreshment of this energy-giving fruit drink. Robinson's Squash contains glucose—nature's quickest-acting energy restorer. Peps you up when you're down—makes you lively when you're limp. It's a favourite with the whole family... they know that Robinson's Squash is the SWEETER Squash—the Squash that gives you GO!

Before you say **SQUASH**—say
Robinson's

3/- ORANGE—LEMON—GRAPEFRUIT

Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame

The pride of Switzerland

Where, at the hands of master craftsmen, the name 'Roamer' has become a new symbol of perfection for the world. Every part of the Roamer movement is produced and assembled in modern factories established in 1888.

No wonder that Roamer watches have indeed become...

...the joy of the world!

'AUTOMATIC'
self-winding,
water-shock-
resistant,
17 jewels from
£16.5.0 incl.

'FLAIR'
Solid gold 17
jewels on cord
or gold bracelet.
from £16.16.0
incl.



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OUR CARE—YOUR CONFIDENCE



Roamer Watches Limited, London, E.C.1

100 YEARS OF 'KNOWING HOW' GIVE YOU

the only heat storage cooker burning ANY solid fuel

LIFE'S EASIER
WITH AN ESSE



ESSE

CENTURY

A dream of a cooker come true for you at £112 10s. Alternatively, practical 4-year 'Pay-as-you-use' plan. Write for folder CEN 55 to

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Every known cooking and easy-work aid—and some new ones—are streamlined into this most modern of all heat storage cookers, the **ESSE CENTURY**:

- use any solid fuel
- finger-tip thermostatic control of ovens & boiler
- patent ESSE boiling-simmering panel, giving graduated hotplate facilities
- spacious roasting oven with thermometer, plus a large oven for slow cooking
- patent self-dumping bottom-grate for quick, clean ash removal
- piping hot water as you want it
- easily-kept enamel finish in apple green, powder blue, cream or white. Chrome plated fittings

"I love my new English Electric Refrigerator"



OBVIOUSLY she knows what's what when it comes to choosing a refrigerator. This gleaming beauty is the ENGLISH ELECTRIC EA-83—and there's enough room inside to take a banquet. Even the door is a larder!

Lots of refrigerated storage space means lots of advantages. You can do a week's food shopping in a day. You can plan your meals well ahead. Left-overs won't 'go off'. Cake mixes and vegetables can be prepared today and stored until needed. Here is the refrigerator to give you a fresh interest in food, more fun and more leisure. And remember, it only occupies just over 5 square feet of floor space—fits any moderate sized kitchen comfortably!



TO READ AND THINK ABOUT

More than 15 sq. ft. of adjustable shelf area—giant, full-width freezer—special Coldrawer for meat and fish—two big Humidrawers for fruit and vegetables—and three generous shelves in the door itself! White or cream enamelled finish.

ON PARADE NOW

See the English Electric EA-83 at your local English Electric Authorised Dealer or Electricity Service Centre. Hire Purchase terms are available. Cash price £100.12.0. Purchase Tax extra.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

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The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Domestic Appliance and Television Division, East Lancashire Road, Liverpool 10

Fly with your Car by— Air Charter Ltd.



The Channel Air Bridge for the Motorist

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	Single £ s. d.		Single £ s. d.
MOTOR CARS		BAGGAGE TRAILERS	
Up to 12 ft. 6 in. . .	7 5 0	Up to 6 ft. overall length	
12 ft. 6 in. to 13 ft. 6 in.	10 0 0	including towbar . .	3 5 0
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14 ft. 6 in. to 15 ft. 6 in.	15 10 0	foot or part thereof.	
Over 15 ft. 6 in. . .	18 0 0		
MOTOR CYCLES		CARAVAN TRAILERS	
Solo up to 250 c.c. . .	2 5 0	Are charged on overall length in-	
Solo over 250 c.c. . .	3 0 0	cluding towbar at the same rates	
Combinations . . .	3 15 0	as for motor cars.	
Auto-Cycles or Scooters	1 5 0		
Pedal Cycles—ordinary	7 6	RETURN FARES ARE	
Including Power Assisted		DOUBLE THE SINGLE	
Tandem . . .	10 0	FARES IN ALL CASES	
Extra if fitted with sidcar	7 6		

PASSENGER FARES

ADULTS	Single	£2 16 0
	Return	£5 1 0

Children over 2 years but under 12 years 50 per cent reduction. Children under 2 years—No charge.

Supplementary freight . . . Fourpence per kilo

Frequent Services

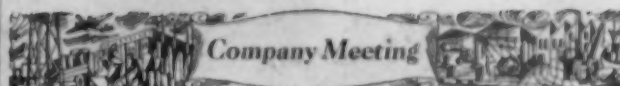
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BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES GROUP TURNOVER MAINTAINED

MR. W. H. MCFADZEAN ON PROBLEM OF RISING COSTS

The Tenth Annual General Meeting of British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited will be held on June 14 in London.

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. W. H. McFadzean, C.A.:

Although Turnover of the Group has been maintained in total, Profit on Trading has fallen by £981,494 to £7,362,580 almost wholly due to lower profit rates. Many factors have contributed, but the two most important have been the uneven load and intensified competition.

Competition is a challenge that must be accepted and your Group are meeting it by ever-increasing efficiency in technique, in production and indeed in every field of our activity.

Following the fall in Trading Profit one would have expected a decreased charge for Taxation. This charge is, however, little altered at the immense sum of £2,736,162 as the benefit of the decreased tax payable this year following the lower profits, has from a comparative point of view been offset by the special credits brought into the 1953 Accounts from (a) Excess Profits Levy Refund, and (b) the release of taxation provisions made in earlier years following settlement on several major outstanding points.

Stockholders will recall that although we are providing adequate Depreciation to write off the cost of our Fixed Assets such provision is insufficient to provide for their replacement at present prices. An up-to-date assessment shows the necessity of increasing the Reserve for replacement of Fixed Assets to £3,000,000 by the £500,000 now proposed.

Having in mind the heavy capital expenditure to which we are committed, the further strengthening of General Reserve by £500,000 is clearly desirable.

Your Directors also recommend the same distribution to Ordinary Stockholders as was made last year, namely, a Final Dividend of 7½ per cent less income tax (making, with the interim of 2½ per cent already paid, a total of 10 per cent less income tax), plus a Special Distribution of 2½ per cent free of income tax out of the "Realized Capital Profits Reserve." As this latter Reserve will then be reduced to £148,509 it will be appreciated that this is essentially a special distribution.

Total Assets now amount to almost £65,000,000 with Reserves of one and one-half times the Issued Capital.

COPPER

As one of the largest fabricators of copper in the world the BICC Group are vitally concerned with the supply and price of that metal. The supply position in this country during 1954 was normal, but the price increased substantially over the year and there were many wide fluctuations from day to day.

The problem of introducing greater stability into the copper market is continuing to receive the active consideration of many parties. I hope in the interests of the country and the Industry an early solution will be found.

At Home we have fully maintained the overall level of business done with the various Nationalized Industries and the numerous Industrial Concerns and Individuals who have all been our good customers for so many years.

Conditions in the export field are certainly difficult for in addition to competition, import into many countries is restricted through shortage of finance and/or the development of local manufacture.

The BICC Group, and in particular the Parent Company and our Construction Company, has played a leading part in the electrification of the World's railways.

Electrification of many more of the railways of the world is only a matter of time. Increasing loads and traffic, public demand for clean, fast transport, together with the necessity for economy in operation and conservation of fuel supplies, all point to this conclusion.

We are therefore particularly interested in the recent Report by the British Transport Commission on the modernization and re-equipment of British Railways.

The Commission are to be congratulated on their bold and statesman-like approach to this problem, and we are confident the execution of the comprehensive plans outlined in the Report will produce all the benefits anticipated. We are also confident that the Commission can count on the full co-operation of British Industry and need have no worry as to its capacity to deal with the electrification work planned, for not only, in our view, is British Industry fully capable of doing this, but the additional load would be of considerable assistance in helping to meet the ever-increasing foreign competition in some of our export markets.

We have made a good start to 1955 and in the absence of exceptional happenings I feel we can look forward to a satisfactory year.



"I can see further!" says Timothy Brown

BECAUSE WHEN TIM'S PARENTS WERE CHILDREN, Ford, by making motoring possible for the millions, opened up the roads of the world, widened horizons, shortened distances . . . Today, Ford cars, Thames commercial vehicles and Fordson tractors are everywhere. Ford has become part of the pattern of life for us all. Behind this achievement lay tremendous problems—of organisation, of economics, of transport—which Ford solved with characteristic energy and imagination. The revolutionary idea of

'flow production' for high quality motor vehicles at low cost—that comes from Ford. So today the great factory at Dagenham is unique in that it produces its own gas and electricity, makes its own iron, uses the economical water-borne transport provided by the Thames and controls production from raw material to finished vehicle. *All these facts mean fundamental and considerable savings in manufacturing costs.* What do those savings mean to you? Better and cheaper motoring. Better living. Always, progress.

"Into the Future" say

FORD

of Dagenham



FORD PRODUCTS — THE BEST AT LOWEST COST





CHARIVARIA

EVEN the advice columns turned topical last week, with a teenage plaint beginning, "My boy and I have heated arguments . . . He is a strong supporter of Labour, while I am in favour of Sir Anthony Eden," and ending, "Sometimes I am troubled because of our disagreements. Do they really matter?" Not for another five years, anyway.

Primate Bungles Truth Bid

How seriously the Archbishop of Canterbury was misreported by American newspapermen was still doubtful even after his interview with British newspapermen when he got back. Certainly they reported that his comment on the Press was "Never believe anything you read in the Press," but when you read that sort of the thing in the Press you naturally don't know what to believe.

Spreading It Thin

ONE of the many professional gourmets now delighting newspaper readers with blow-by-blow accounts of meals they haven't a hope of eating illustrates the superiority of the French over the English restaurant by describing a Parisian spot where a single



portion had to be divided among three diners. "One portion and three plates, and in a first-class restaurant—I doubt if that could happen in London." But it's always happening. The difference is that the portion is only big enough for one.

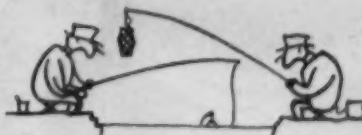
Cards Can Fall Just Right

It isn't often that life works out pat, and when it does it is time to pause and

take note. Two recent examples offer themselves. First, the visit of the Communist-led Electrical Trades Union delegation to Russia where, to quote a spokesman on their return, they "did not meet a single person who wished to change the system." Second, the visit of Mr. Wilfred Pickles to the Radio and Television Exhibition at Manchester where, by sheer good luck, the first family he picked at random to interview happened to have a blind boy with them.

Watch That Blood-pressure

EXCITEMENT among Light Programme listeners was raised to fever pitch by the newly-announced plans for summer Saturday afternoons. "Going more quickly to more places" is the theme,



and there is promise of "a feast of sport," "a crowded calendar," "pithy, to-the-point commentaries" of "efficient spontaneity" and "exciting vividness." Casting around for a compelling example of all this, Mr. Rooney Pelletier says in his *Radio Times* article—"Angling, for instance."

Way Out

PUBLIC indignation is rising over scientists' repeated assertions that nuclear explosions are not influencing the weather. Under the headline "ATOM EFFECTS ON WEATHER," for instance, *The Times* reports that the recent World Meteorological Organization meeting did not include this item on its agenda, but that a report on the subject may be prepared, and is expected to show that there is still no truth in the idea. This is very unsatisfactory. Why are the scientists so

stubborn? They have only to admit the thing to be rid of it for good, and to give a lot of happiness to a weather-beaten world by providing a scapegoat at last.

Surf Riders

ONE-time practical jokers who have now grown out of it are concerned to read that a team of W.R.N.S. went to



Windsor to compete in the jumping events. Any time now someone will be starting that old Horse Marines thing again.

Land Warfare

REALITY must be faced, hard though it is after a carefree holiday week-end, and attention is therefore drawn to a grim official announcement about protective clothing, rubber gloves, face-shields and so on recommended for those coming into contact with the poisonous chemicals demeton, dimefox, mazidox and—a new and more terrible organo-phosphorus substance—metasystox. All these, it seems, are likely at any moment to be sprayed on our food by agricultural workers.

Bottom of the Barrel

WITH Press handling of the election almost a memory it seems odd that with all the witty talk about the Garden of Eden and the Kingdom of Bevan, and *ad hoc* strip characters like Flo Vote and telling series titles like Fairlie Speaking, no one came out with that dizzy dame, Eve of the Poll.

Play With Your Strike Weapons

Toy trends, says an investigating newspaper, are forsaking the military

for the industrial, with guns, tanks and forts making way for road-drills, excavators and scale models of factory equipment. It can't be long before children's faces will light up rapturously as they open their boxes of trades union leaders.

On Their Backs to Bite 'Em

FROM the Press Office at Marylebone comes news that the great £1,200,000,000 modernization plan for British Railways is now officially launched. One of the great problems will be the recruiting of technical staff, and it is revealed that "experts" have been appointed to advise on this. Luckily, this presented fewer problems. Once you appoint recruiting experts to recruit recruiting experts your £1,200,000,000 can begin to look a bit silly.

And There's Ed Murrow

ANTIQUE-lovers read with satisfaction that when Christie's sold a Chippendale marquetry commode for fifty-two hundred guineas it was knocked down to a British buyer. That means at least one treasure of this kind that hasn't crossed the Atlantic to be fitted with a television screen and advertised in *The New Yorker*.

Always Something New

THE Rangitikei river, New Zealand, has yielded up a message in a bottle; it

is a "Report on Ocean Currents," and was apparently dispatched by the German South Polar Expedition of 1903. Coinciding with its reported finding comes an account of how new and smarter meteorological balloons



are being sent up at Crawley to gather information on the currents of the upper air. No one can say, of course, how comically out-of-date one of these will seem if it lands somewhere in half a century's time.

Newsprint Crisis, Latest

POSITIVELY and negatively, braces are in the news. West Suffolk policemen will be able to manage without them, says a report, as uniform trousers will now be made to support themselves; and in Leicestershire the funds of the Quorn, which are unable to support themselves, will be bolstered by the revenue from braces in Hunt colours bearing the initials Q.H. A longer column could be made out of all this by analyzing the feelings of any West Suffolk policeman who finds himself riding with the Quorn during a heat-wave.

Grim Prospect

IMPATIENT members of the British middle classes feel that if they hear the words wage differentials many more times they will be driven to finding out what they mean.

N. or M.

The Court Circular recorded that Dr. William Graham had preached a sermon at Windsor.

"You are young, Dr. William," the equerry cried,

"With procedural problems to grapple:

It may be all right to be Billy outside,

But not, if you please, in the Chapel."

Round the Table

WHEN I was a boy at St. Peter's Court,
I never studied as perhaps I ought,
For my mind would wander in a far-off land
With old King Arthur and his knightly band
Who all sat round a table.

REFRAIN:

*Yes, they all sat round a table!
And their problems melted away.
And I used to wonder whether Cain and Abel
And the polyglot pack in the Tower of Babel
Couldn't really have rubbed along O.K.
If they'd all got round a table!*

At Eton and Magdalen it became quite clear
That politics must be my career,
For masters and dons—yes, and creditors too
Were readily won to my point of view
When I got them round a table.

*Yes, I got them round a table,
And presented a ten-point plan,
And by sheer persuasion I was always able
To render my fortunes less unstable,
And somehow emerge as a greater man
When we'd all sat round a table!*

I soon became known as the prince of pleaders
With Russians and Chinks and Union leaders,
For a few concessions can't do much harm,
And convictions must always give way to charm
When you all sit round a table.

*Yes, we all sit round a table
And talk away fear and doubt.
With a smile as fetching as Betty Grable
I woo them, regardless of political label
And if sometimes I sell my own side out,
That's the fortune of the table!*

B. A. YOUNG



—Grosz—

In the first four months of this year more than 400,000 cars, trucks and buses came off the production lines of Britain.

Work Not in Progress

By GRAHAM GREENE

"My Girl in Gaiters"

DISCLAIMER

None of the ecclesiastical dignitaries mentioned is drawn from a real character, and the events of this musical comedy are quite fictitious.

AS old age closes down one is frequently asked to tell a story to "the little ones"—grand-nephews and grand-nieces and the like. "You write books. You must be able to tell a story." And yet the ignoble truth is that my ideas for future novels are seldom quite suitable. On these occasions I have to fall back on the musical comedy I have planned for years—a fairy story surely innocent enough for the innocents, but even then

I sometimes lose a parent's trust. The name I have given it is "My Girl in Gaiters."

When the curtain rises twelve bishops of varying ages dressed in gaiters and wearing those curious black hats with little strings attached used by the Anglican church are standing on the stage. They sing the opening chorus. During the first verse a young man comes on to the stage at the side. You can recognize he is a journalist by his notebook and pencil. He listens to the bishops, who sing a song roughly on these lines:

Thirteen bishops for convocation,
Gaitered bishops and true,

We've come to give you our authorization

For the prayers to be offered by you.
We have given consent to Our Father
In spite of its Roman tone;
We have set our seal on a Grace for a meal

If free from a gluttonous moan.

But we've kept very wary of any Hail Mary

In spite of the High Church vote,
For we are much too Broad to admit any fraud

Across the Lambeth moat.

Thirteen bishops for convocation . . .

JOURNALIST (interrupting):

You counted Bath and Wells as two,
And if you count again,



Sprad

You'll find there are only twelve of you.

Explain, Your Grace, explain.

The bishops look at each other in consternation and begin to count again.

The explanation of this mysterious occurrence is that one of them has been kidnapped, and soon all will be involved in the same fate. A gang of thugs in London have decided to kidnap the whole of Convocation, in the hope of laying their hands on the chasubles belonging to the Church of England. They are ill-educated men and have mistaken the word chasuble for the word chalice. The twelve thugs are led by a woman who is the brains of the gang (and the only woman in the cast). When I have had an extra glass of champagne I dream that she is played by Vivien Leigh.

The kidnapping of the bishops proves successful and they are locked without their trousers in the cellars of a derelict building belonging to the Ecclesiastical Commission. The thugs then draw lots for who plays who. The ringleader naturally is *ex officio* Archbishop of Canterbury—the first time since Pope Joan that a woman has occupied so high an ecclesiastical post. Unfortunately for the false bishops the Bishop of Melbourne has arrived in London to act as an observer at Convocation. The various stages at which his suspicion is aroused I have yet to work out. They include a country Confirmation where the bishop performing the rite mutters some highly unecclesiastical words when he finds too much hair oil on one boy's head. The Bishop of Melbourne sets himself to track down the offenders.

He penetrates to the heart of the conspiracy at Canterbury where he meets the false Archbishop. There in the rose garden strange feelings of love puzzle and disturb him. The false Archbishop too falls in love with the Bishop of Melbourne and her conscience is stirred. At the end of the second Act she confesses all to the Bishop. In horror he decides to leave England for ever, but his love is too great to turn her over to the police. At the end of the second Act the Bishop of Melbourne is sitting at one side of the stage beside a telephone and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the false Archbishop of Canterbury of course, is sitting at the other side also by a telephone. The Bishop begins with a sad reminiscence of the past.



BISHOP OF MELBOURNE:

There was a maid at Wallyhoo
With whom I saw my first sunrise.
There was a deaconess at Starving
Camp
Who made me blush and close my eyes.
But my girl in gaiters,
Oh, my girl in gaiters,
She has tricks like Walter Pater's
With her Mona Lisa eyes.
All the secrets of the sea,
Every kind of ecstasy,
And when she wants to speak to me
She lifts the telephone.

FALSE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY:

Melbourne, Melbourne,
Cantuar calling,
Stop your stalling,

Drop your moral tone.

There's a heart beneath a cassock,
And a knee upon a hassock,
A motor ride from Dover,
So come right over,
But come alone, damn you, come
alone.

BISHOP OF MELBOURNE:

Cantuar, Cantuar,
Melbourne calling,
Can't hear a word you say,
Oh, how faint you are.

The two in duet:

CANTERBURY:

Melbourne, Melbourne,
Cantuar calling,
Stop your stalling,
Drop your moral tone.

MELBOURNE:

Cantuar, Cantuar,
Melbourne calling.
Can't hear a word you say
Oh, how faint you are.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY:

It's your girl in gaiters,
Melbourne, Melbourne,
All the tricks of Walter Pater's
With my Mona Lisa eyes.

BISHOP OF MELBOURNE:

And the damn'dest kind of lies.

The BISHOP slams down the telephone.

CURTAIN of Second Act. (The second act of a musical comedy in my youth always ended in self-sacrifice or misunderstanding.)

Alas! the rest of the musical has not yet been very fully worked out except for the escape of the real bishops from their prison, while the false bishops are on their way to Convocation. The false bishops are hurrying down on to the stage between the stalls. The little ribbons in their hats are now wireless aerials through which they are "Calling all cars," "Calling all cars." In Convocation the Bishop of Melbourne turns up unexpectedly. The false bishops realize they have been betrayed and round on the Archbishop of Canterbury. She is defended by the Bishop of Melbourne until the arrival of the true bishops in their underclothes routs the impostors.

All is well again between the lovers and they sing a melodious duet. (I am anxious that the charm of the old melodies should be revived in my musical.)

HE: In my very first parish
A dream I used to cherish
Of a girl in a scarlet gown,
And in the quiet scenery
Of my very Rural Deanery
I decided her name was Brown.

As a very young archdeacon
Very early I'd awaken
And wonder if my dream was Sue.

SHE: But, oh, what a shock!
Instead of a frock

There's a girl in gaiters for you.



"Listen, darling—our tune."

HE: There's nothing could be lighter
Than my bishop's buckram
mitre

When laid in the scales against love.

SHE: Add a golden chalice
And a moated palace?

HE: They'd still kick the beam above.

Oh, I'd gladly abdicate
To a country curate,

If you'd be the curate's wife.

SHE: What, hurt feelings in the choir
And collections for the spire,
For the rest of a humdrum life?

HE: When Matins were over,
How dotingly I'd hover

SHE: Above the "little stranger" in the
pram?

HE: When the Guilds got up a dance
I'd be sitting in a trance

SHE: Wending home with me at
midnight in a tram?

HE: Oh, I hate the Visitations
And the endless Confirmations
And the lonely nights I spend.

SHE: But if I cannot marry
Because of Dick or Harry—?

HE: I'm tired of being celibate,
I'll gladly be expatriate
With a loving female friend.

In the last scene the Bishop of Melbourne is returning to Australia up the gang-plank of a liner and the former false Archbishop of Canterbury accompanies him. She no longer wears a shovel hat and black gaiters, but a little top hat and scarlet gaiters, and the theme song of the thugs is sung for the last time as the curtain falls. The song was written many years ago by my brother, the Controller of Overseas Services (B.B.C., not ecclesiastical), and I cannot quite remember the words. It is called "Top Hats in Hell," and begins:

"In hell they all wear top hats,
Top hats in hell."

Perhaps that is the one unsuitable song for the young, but then I didn't write it.

"HONEYMOON in luxury cruising South Coast Private Yacht."

"THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY's main objects are relief to shipwreck survivors."

Two adjacent personal column advertisements

Thanks, no sale.



"I'm travelling incognito."

Doctus Poeta

Scientists have found that the chaffinch can hardly sing a note unless it has listened to older chaffinches.

CAMBRIDGE, always in the van of advancing knowledge,

Have proved that chaffinches have to be taught to sing,
That without parental instruction and constant practice
They couldn't manage a thing:

Which ousts the poets' theory that careless rapture
Or unpremeditated art accounts for the tune,
That song is unthought, instinctive, innocent and jolly,
Like sex in *The Blue Lagoon*.

Orphan chaffinches penned in sound-proof cages,
Kidnapped by clear-eyed Cantabs keen for the truth,
Will fiddle with bits of whistle and half-formed phrases,
As childhood merges in youth,

But even in full-fledged birdhood cannot manage
To whistle a straight, articulate stave of song,
Or learn it later from less restricted singers
If once they have started wrong.

Somewhere centuries past a master-chaffinch,
Full of a feeling of summer things unsaid,
In silent woods to his uncouth coevals
Sang it out of his head.

But who it was produced the initial gambit
Not even a Cambridge man would try to seek:
Russia will no doubt call him a Russian chaffinch:
Myself I'd say he was Greek.

But it wasn't innate, and therefore heritable, instinct:
He taught the rest what he made himself at the start.
Instinct, a man's or a bird's, is mostly ugly.
Learning underlies art.

P. M. HUBBARD

This Happy Breed of Men

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

I DON'T know how it is at your end, but over here in New York turning on the television set after reading the morning papers is like coming out of the shadows into a world of sunshine.

New York papers go in exclusively for gloom. I never saw so many people viewing with concern and contemplating with the gravest apprehension as are writing now for the daily Press of Manhattan. Talk about looking on the dark side. The only ones who do not prophesy the collapse of civilization at 3.30 sharp a week from Wednesday are those who make it Tuesday afternoon at 2.45. But once twiddle that knob and everything is joy and happiness and the laughter of little children. At least, one assumes that they are little children. On the evidence submitted I would say their mental age was about six, and one has the feeling that, when babies, they had the misfortune to be dropped on their heads by careless nurses. Everybody is laughing on television these days. The studio audiences have, of course, been laughing themselves sick for years on the most flimsy provocation, but now the contagion has spread to the performers.

The other day John Crosby—not to be confused with Bing. Bing sings. John is the fellow who watches television for the *Herald-Tribune*, than which I can imagine no more appalling job—just think of *having* to watch television—you don't catch John Crosby singing—he groans a good deal probably so that you may think he is singing, but . . . Where was I? I seem to have lost the thread. Ah yes, John Crosby. My reason for bringing him up was that he was complaining the other day about the time when Senator Margaret Chase Smith interviewed the Burmese Premier

U Nu on television and U Nu was so doubled up with laughter throughout that you could scarcely follow what he was saying. It came out something like this:

"If aggression—ha ha ha—comes from a foe—ha ha ha—the United Nations are quite ready to pass resolutions condemning that foe, but—this is going to slay you, folks—when aggression comes from friends, they like—oh dear, oh dear, oh dear—they like to keep a little quiet—ha ha ha—or even if they are not quiet, they don't do full justice, ho ho ho."

The whole punctuated with roars of merriment from the studio audience. No wonder John Crosby screams thinly and jumps six feet straight up in the air if you tap him unexpectedly on the shoulder. Just a bundle of nerves, our John.

The gruesome thing, to my mind—and mine is not a mind to be sneezed at—is that this is not always the laughter of a real studio audience. In many instances it is canned or bottled. They preserve it on sound tracks, often dating back for years, so that what you are getting is the mummified mirth of people who, frequently, died back in about 1946, and if that is not an eerie thought, what is? "The voice I hear this passing night was heard in ancient days by emperor and clown," as Keats put it, switching off the comedy programme.

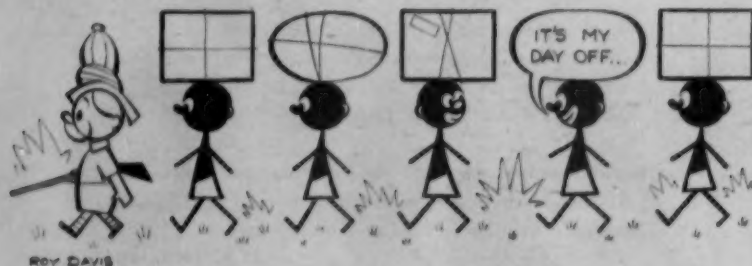
Furthermore, somebody has invented what is known as a laugh machine which can produce completely artificial laughter impossible to distinguish from the human kind. The man in charge of it keeps pressing a button at intervals during the cross-talk act, and the comedians love it.

Living laughing studio audiences, as

opposed to laugh machines and those indomitable wraiths who, in spite of having passed beyond the veil, are still in the highest spirits and always ready to do their bit, seem to be governed by some code of rules, probably unwritten and conveyed by word of mouth, for it is surely straining the probabilities a good deal to assume that a studio audience can read. It is a code subject to alteration without notice, and a certain amount of confusion sometimes results. Thus, in the United States it used to be obligatory to laugh whenever anyone on the television screen mentioned Brooklyn. If there was one credo rooted in the minds of the citizenry it was that the word Brooklyn was cachinnagenic. And now there has been a shift in the party line, and to-day you have to laugh at Texas.

Nobody knows why. It is just an order that has come down from the men higher up. It is perfectly permissible under the new rules to keep a straight face when somebody speaks of Oshkosh, Kalamazoo or the Gowanus Canal, but a studio audience which fails to laugh at the story of the Texan who refused steak *aux champignons* because he did not like champagne poured over his steak soon finds itself purged. The secret police are knocking at its door before it knows where it is.

It is difficult to see what England—all right, Great Britain—will find as a substitute for Texas. Wigan? Not very good. You can't do much with Wigan. Probably what will happen is that Great British studio audiences will laugh only when somebody on television says something really funny, and the result will be what Edgar Allan Poe described as "Silence and desolation and dim night."



"LEGAL NOTICES
I, WALTER MEADOWS, of 31, Askern St., Sheffield, hereby state that as from to-day, the 29th April 1955, will not be responsible for any debts personally incurred by myself.
Signed: WALTER MEADOWS.
Witness: R. CROOK,
Clerk to Irwin Mitchell & Co.,
Solicitors, 53 Queen St.,
Sheffield, 1."
The Sheffield Star

Fair enough.



"We have to hire all four—they only sing quartets."

Kept in Stitches

By ANTHONY CARSON



THE first time I visited the Quadrille I knew it was hostile territory. It was a tiny club with soft lights and a nostalgic piano which sobbed of old New York and Paris in the thirties. And all the people were there, they had always been there, it didn't matter whether you were rich or poor or clever or beautiful. The third time I went there the nostalgic pianist was playing "Stardust" and I got rather drunk and didn't take enough notice. I insulted a poet called Vinson, and suddenly the cocktails stopped tinkling, the nostalgic pianist missed a beat, and Vinson and I were struggling on the floor. Everybody stiffened like snakes, and I almost heard them hiss, but it was over in a moment, I was barred the club and I walked into the street.

A few days later I passed Vinson and he nodded to me. I nodded back. "Sorry about that," I said. "Forget about it," said Vinson. A few weeks later I went to Africa and forgot about it. I watched snake charmers on the Djemma-el-Fna in Marrakesh, I dodged Portuguese men-of-war in the sea at Agadir, I got lost in impossible dawns in the Atlas. And I returned to London. "Come to a party," said a friend of mine, "and tell us all about Africa." I went to the party, and no sooner had I set my foot in the door than I felt people stiffen like snakes. There was a certain amount of whispering, and finally the hostess offered me a gin and said "So you're the man who insulted Vinson at the Quadrille?" "Must one go into that?" I said. "It's all over, and I'm just back from Africa." "Africa!" cried my hostess, who was on the point of passing out. "Don't you know Vinson

is our greatest poet?" She glared at me for a moment. "Can you speak Persian?" she cried, rather irrelevantly. Then apparently she quoted something in Persian. A chorus of people came up to me and shouted about Vinson, and then a small man with a beard took me aside and said "Honestly, old man, Vinson isn't really a good poet." At that, all of us went out to the local pub and had a drink. Apparently we were all friends.

Rather later than this I was suddenly run over by a No. 22 bus and was sent to hospital. I had lost my sense of balance. Staggering up from bed, I took a train to Italy and zig-zagged about Rome, trying to get better. Visiting such a monumental city at an angle of forty-five degrees seemed to afford me no profit, and I returned to London on Christmas Day. I intended to keep sober and write some amusing stories about Rome, but all the magazines had shut themselves up and there was no spirit of work in the air. I suddenly thought of the Quadrille. It was like going into cannibal country, but it was Christmas, and before I could stop myself I found myself at the door, having my coat checked and combing my hair in the lavatory. As I stepped in there was a hush, and then the proprietress rushed forward and said "Darling." "It's Carson," cried various voices, and false slaps hit me on the back. In half an hour I was suddenly lying on the floor, covered with blood, and three men were beating me up. The pianist had been playing "Georgia," but he changed it to "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," very loudly. At an angle of forty-five degrees I could see Vinson



glaring down at me, and couldn't help thinking how absurdly out-of-touch Fleet Street cartoonists were about modern poets. A painter helped me to my feet. I was covered with blood. "Have a drink, old man," he said. "Don't take any notice of them. They're not very civilized." He handed me a double gin-and-soda. Then we went downstairs to find a taxi, and in the distance I could hear the pianist playing "Stormy Weather." At the hospital I was registered as a brawler with a partially broken nose, and got four stitches and a bandage like a yashmak.

The next day I visited my magazine. "Could you give us something really funny to cheer our readers up after Christmas?" asked the assistant editor. "Let us have it as soon as possible." "Certainly," I said with a laugh. I went out of the building and felt horribly thirsty. I found myself outside the Quadrille and walked straight upstairs. The pianist simply couldn't refrain from playing "The Sheikh of Araby," and playing it very loudly, because Vinson was there. "Well, certainly," I said to Vinson. "It was very regrettable," he said, "but whenever you come from abroad you seem to seek me out with that insult." I had a gin, and left the club, and went home to write my story. It was no good. The world was full of beautiful women and music and there were golden islands to be found, and there was wit and there was the cool, gay power of words pulsing through the nerve, but it was all blotted out by great fists in a tiny club and the leer of a tinkling piano. I threw down my pen, tore off the yashmak, and looked at my face in the mirror. I looked ghastly. I ran out of the house, jumped into a taxi and drove

to the hospital to have my stitches taken out. "Take it steady," said one of the internes.

I went into a pub somewhere and started to get drunk. Every time I went to get my glass refilled the publican was standing there at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was amazing how he did it. Then some sailors came in, and before I knew how it happened we were all piled together in a taxi bound for the Quadrille to beat up Vinson. We clattered up the stairs and stamped into the discreet little club and there was Vinson with a glass in his hand. I took a swipe at him, and missed atrociously. "Come, now, old chap," said the painter, who was standing there. "After all, you're a writer. You've got something out in this number, you know. Quite amusing." Then Vinson and I went downstairs and he took careful aim and hit me hard on the nose and I fell on the pavement and suddenly somebody was rubbing my face with snow. It was one of the sailors. "It's really quite a jolly little club," he said, "isn't it, mates?" They all agreed wholeheartedly. "That chap certainly knows how to tickle the ivories," continued the first sailor, "and the people are all real friendly. Your pal Vinson is quite a nice fellow when you get to know him." They took me to the hospital and flirted with the nurses while one of the doctors filled in my chart. "Second brawl," he wrote. "Six stitches." Then they sewed the stitches in and covered my face with a second yashmak.

I went home and I sat down and I took a fresh sheet of paper and I produced a pen and I stared at the clean white paper. A dog barked outside. There was love in the world, certainly, and ships and success and first daffodils,

and I was the same as I was, still looking out of my own window at the world to be won. Then I suddenly thought of a girl called Rose, and early love, and I knew that she was the person I had to see.

Eventually I found her house, and there she was, oddly changed, primmer, cooler, and all the old wild tempting irresponsibility of spring had changed into a limited fertility of summer. She had become married and dandled a child on her knees and regarded me with critical coldness. "To think you should become a brawler," she said, tickling the baby's belly. "But I know the cause of it. Absolute lack of emotional discipline. You deliberately seek the most wasteful people, the most useless and destructive individuals and almost try to avoid what is positive and constructive." She threw the baby up lightly and caught it. "You must change your friends, your clubs, your habits." I looked at her over my yashmak and nodded. The absolute neatness of her house confounded me. Then there were steps on the stairs. "You must meet my husband," she said.

The door opened and Vinson stepped into the room.

2 2

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In submitting myself as a candidate for election, I believe that being a native of Anlaby and being in business locally, I am well qualified to interpret the wishes and needs of the electors of the Central Ward. I am a Captain in the local Home Guard and a member of both National and Regional Committees of the National Small Bore Rifle Association and this experience will stand me in good stead."

From an Election Address

In interpreting the wishes and needs of the electors of the Central Ward, you mean?





"This is Mr. Bovage, our next-door neighbour, and may he borrow our lawn mower?"

Narrow Escapes

By CLAUD COCKBURN

A COUPLE of pretty significant things happened round here the other day, one of them being an incident not quite involving a taxicab, and the other being the way the Tallow reporter of the *Youghal Tribune and County Cork News* handled the story—this latter being, if anything, a shade more significant than that former, because it points a way forward.

The story, under the heading "Child's Narrow Escape," reads as follows:

But for the skill of a local hackney owner who was driving his car at Convent Street during last week, a child would have met with a serious if not fatal accident. He ran right in front of the oncoming car. The driver

immediately applied his brakes and brought the car to a standstill in less than its own length. The child, blissfully unaware of its narrow escape, ran on and seated itself on the opposite kerb.

You don't need any Professor of Journalism to tell you that what we have here is probably the seed of a journalistic revolution which is going to germinate and beneficially bloom as millions of hitherto vaguely unsatisfied newspaper readers start to cheer up.

Only last week one member of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association said to another member of same: "Listen, old sport," he said. "We ought to be up to more good."

This other member said "As for instance, like how?"

"Like so," said the first man, and showed him this cutting from the *Youghal Tribune and County Cork News*.

The second man, who had trained himself never to read beyond the headlines so as to have more time to contemplate Life in the Larger Sense, said "I don't like stories about children being run over in the street. Fair gives me the willies, that class of yarn does."

"Pull in your nerve ends, old sport," advised his interlocutor. "Relax while I give you a read of it."

He read aloud slowly, and as he noted the pleasure and relief expressed

by the previously harassed countenance of the other, exclaimed jubilantly: "See what I mean? Doesn't that put milk on your ulcer?"

With half-closed eyes the other was savouring the tale, murmuring some of its more telling passages to himself.

"The driver applied his brakes. Gosh."

"He applied them *immediately*. Don't forget that bit. If he hadn't thought of doing that it wouldn't have been half as good a story, in my estimation."

"And then what happened? Read that next line again."

"And brought the car to a standstill."

"Great, great stuff! There ought to be more of it. That little wallop at the beginning where you think something happened, and you read on and nothing happened. It's what this country needs."

"Like the hurricane at Bournemouth."

"Like which?"

"Our Correspondent there—very progressive chap—sent it in. Never got in the paper—some out-of-date fossil on the news-desk spiked it, missed its significance. I heard about it though and got a copy of it. Should have been front page stuff, of course. Listen:

Imminent destruction of wide areas of Bournemouth by a 100-mile per hour hurricane such as recently brought death and millions of pounds-worth of damage to the Atlantic coast of the United States, was a prospect which yesterday alarmed every citizen capable of realizing that if a hurricane starting in the Caribbean were to turn sharp right and keep straight on for 3,000 miles it would, in calculable time, come tearing up the Channel.

Only the fact that hardly anyone seems to have thought of this averted panic and mass evacuation of the town.

By some happy freak of nature the hurricane, which turned out to be a very small one, more of a light breeze you might say, really, not only did not turn to the right on its way across the Caribbean but blew itself out before it even reached the coast of Florida.

Many visitors to Bournemouth sat on the sands blissfully unaware of the narrowness of their escape."

The eyes of his *vis-à-vis* were shining. "Golly," exclaimed he, "story like that certainly sets you up. It's eupeptic. There you are thinking of those poor, poor people—men, women and children choking the roads with but a single thought 'Escape! Flee from the wrath to come!' and all that class of caper,

and bingo! it didn't occur. Oh, thank goodness for that!" He was an emotional man and he sobbed like a deeply moved Newspaper Proprietor.

"It looks like the answer," hazarded his companion of the hour. "We have it in our power to make people very, very happy, old sport. Come to think of it, it's the opposite of that Roosevelt business."

The other man said "I don't like stories about Yalta. Fair give me the creeps."

"Not Franklin, old sport, Theodore. It is a well known story in the newspaper business, often told as a warning to embryo reporters, as yet unaware of the exigencies of their craft. Will I recount the anecdote?"

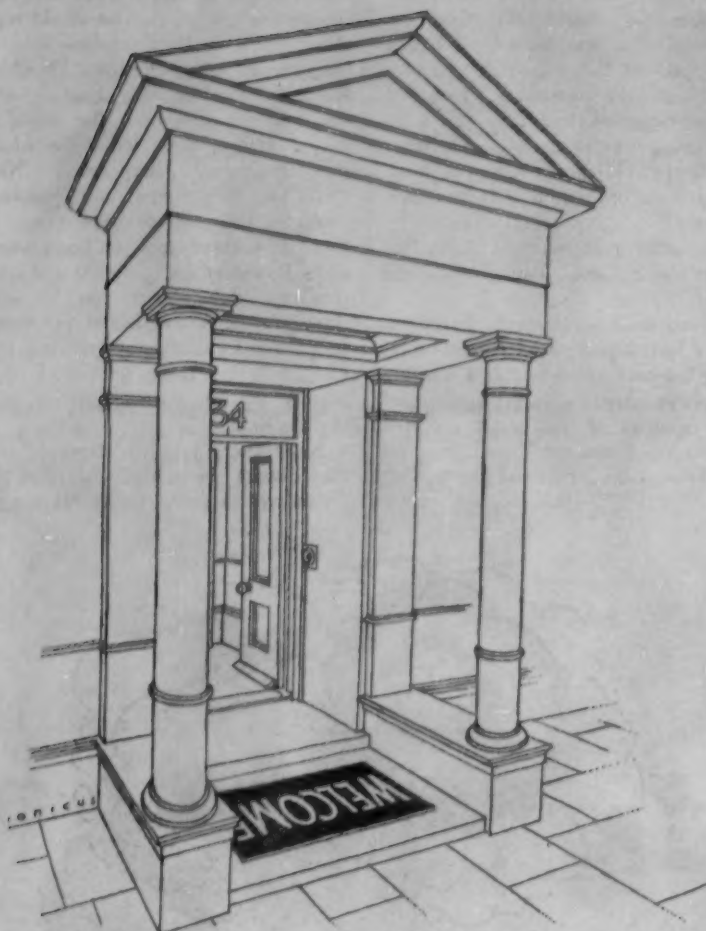
"Do so, I beg. I should like it of all things."

In more time than it takes to write, the speaker got off that bit of old rope about when, in 1908 or some date of that general type, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt was on this hunting and scientific expedition in the wilds of Africa, and in these wilds the whole party temporarily disappeared. Nice stuff for newspapers and public—probably their nerves were better in those days—because if you know where an ex-President and party are, and what they are doing, that can be very interesting news to write and read about, but, if you suddenly stop knowing, that can be a lot more interesting still, because you can use imagination, with sky the limit.

Newspapers variously reported that the district in which the ex-Chief Executive, so genial under his rugged



"If you ask me, it's the weather that causes them."



and even ferocious exterior, was wandering, was thick with the germs of yellow fever, blackwater fever, dengue and typhus; was densely populated by cannibals and head-hunters of the most implacable type; was as over-crowded with ravaging beasts as a small old zoo; and apart from that had no water, no vegetation, and no edible game of any description, a circumstance rendering it certain that within a brief space of time the ex-Rough Rider and his companions must succumb to starvation and thirst.

Excitement and apprehension were at their height when the office of a New York News Agency received from its correspondent in a tiny township at the edge of the wilds the news that the Manager of the expedition, a Colonel somebody or other, had reached this township that very night.

"The Colonel stated," reported this

Correspondent, "that there had at no time been any question of the Expedition having been lost—they had simply been briefly out of touch with the outside world. At no time had they experienced danger or discomfort.

"The climate of the region through which they had passed was notably healthy, and the natives encountered had welcomed them enthusiastically. Game was plentiful, and the water supply both abundant and pure."

This went on until the News Agency man in New York almost let the dispatch fall from his fingers, stupefied by ennui.

The last line said "The Colonel was chased into town by eleven lions," and the Correspondent was held up to ridicule for not knowing where the exciting part of the story ought to come.

"But that part about the lions," cried the more emotional of the Newspaper

Proprietors, "that's wicked. A horrid, frightening thing like that put in there at the last minute after all that nice, happy stuff about those nice, nice natives. Leaves a nasty taste in the mouth."

"I have already told you," replied his comparatively phlegmatic companion, "that the Correspondent concerned was turned into a by-word in a trice. His story, when it appeared in print, began with the news about the lions. Only trouble was, old sport, that as the years rolled by, people started to have lions right through the story. Beginning, middle and end—all horrid and frightening, like you say. Things happening. That's where this hackney-taxi story shows us something."

He lay back dreamily, almost, it seemed, in a trance, his lips moving as though in prophecy.

"A financial scandal which would have rocked the City of London to its foundations and involved the ruin of hundreds of thousands of small investors was averted only by the action of the Directors of the group of Companies principally concerned.

"When a man ran into the Head Office with a plan for putting all the Companies' funds into a bogus uranium concession in Borneo, they immediately refused to countenance the idea.

"Furthermore it is learned on the highest authority that the Companies' books have at no time been falsified.

"Thousands of investors, blissfully unaware . . ."

"Or," broke in the other, beginning excitedly to pace the saloon bar of "The Heart of Men and Things," the place they had chanced to sit down at, "can't we make the good cheer peppier? Say 'Disaster Looms. Is Averted. Everything absolutely O.K.'"

"Or," muttered the phlegmatic tycoon of newspaperdom drowsily. "Settlement of fresh dispute between unions and N.P.A. narrowly averted. Strike now certain. B.B.C. also involved. No news of any kind for months."

Home Cooking

"... On one of the three occasions when he got in the couple of eggs and sausages, and afterwards slept in the canteen, he cooked himself a house that was being built."

Middlesex Advertiser and County Gazette

The Residue

By LORD KINROSS

IMMORTALITY on this earth being, unaccountably, not yet available, it is a comfort to read an advertisement headed **EFFICIENT PULVERIZATION OF RESIDUES**. At least we can be well disposed of. The machine, designed by specialists in pulverizing equipment, combines happily Rapidity and Silent Operation with Freedom from Dust and Accessibility for Opening, Cleaning and Maintenance. It has Magnetic Separation, and needs only light bolting down. Above all it reduces Ashes to the Ideal Grade for Scattering. An Atomiser, with a 3 h.p. Squirrel Cage Motor with Starter and Isolation Switch, does likewise. These are among the civilized amenities offered for sale in a quarterly named *Pharos*, the official journal of the Cremation Movement.

We shall be disposed of, moreover, by charming, respectable people.

Undertakers no longer, they have attained on the contrary to the social status of Upholders, or more commonly Funeral Directors. And this is their gala year. Next week they will be in Blackpool, celebrating a "glorious occasion"—the jubilee of the National Association of Funeral Directors. The highlight of the celebrations will be a funeral banquet, to which guests will fly, from London and Birmingham, in specially chartered aircraft. In ideal holiday weather they will enjoy a week of social events, with many attractions and entertainments, to say nothing of a conference, and an exhibition of funeral equipment throughout the ages.

These disposers of residue are sociable people, whose entertainments are recorded monthly in a *Funeral Service Journal*. "O what a wonderful evening!" they record, of a recent "memorable

ladies' festival" at a Park Lane hotel, with "hospitality and entertainment on a most generous scale." The speeches were lively, notably that of Mr. Turner. Describing himself as a "bit of a lady killer," he reserved special praise for the lady guests: "It is wonderful that they should come along and make this evening so adorable." The cabaret consisted of speciality, acrobatic and chorus dancing at breath-taking speed, and there was only a single allusion to death, in suitably jocular terms, by an M.P., who had recently addressed a distinguished collection of doctors, and supposed that "speaking to an association of funeral directors could be described as logical progress." (Laughter)

More fortunate than their clients, they are healthy people, for ever congratulating one another, in the pages of



their journal, on complete recovery from serious illness. They are people of taste. "There is no reason for our headquarters to be gloomy," they say. Thus the new board room has paper in grey-and-white stripes on three walls, and vermilion with white stars on the fourth, while the office of the "bustling, cheerful secretary," Miss Hurry, is painted in cyclamen and primrose, with Regency brocade curtains.

They are humorous people. The rotund Mr. Murphy, for a long time the only embalmer in Belfast, was once "knighted" by the President of the Association, who, "touching him on the head in traditional manner, said 'Arise, Circumference!'" Nor are they blind to the arts. Another noted embalmer, at a recent meeting in North Middlesex, favourably compared the art of funeral direction to the art of ballet. "Ballet," he said, "is a bastard art in which an unsuccessful attempt has been made to wed motion and music . . . Undertaking is similar, though at a far greater disadvantage, inasmuch as it attempts to wed not two but many distinct skills, adequate knowledge of one of which should yield a better return in cash and status than this industry can give."

This embalmer, a Mr. Hall (M.B.I.E., M.B.E.S.), is a gentleman who, reassuringly, knows his job. Month after month he contributes to the journal a learned serial, under the title of "Embalming Technique." He recommends a pair of fine-nosed forceps which "enable one . . . to pack the eyes, for example, with a delicacy of touch

which the heavier patterns deny." He urges one to "avoid the common error of raising the femoral vessels low on the thigh." He assumes that one knows, "to paraphrase Macaulay (*sic*), that the axillary artery lies along the inner border of the coraco-brachialis muscle and immediately behind the median nerve."

"Even a funeral director," however, "has his problems." The Association lately had occasion to complain to British Railways of the way a coffin was handled. "It was said that the coffin, without a covering, was put on a trolley and pushed along the platform the same way as baggage." It might have contained any of us. Then there is "the worry and difficulty of death abroad" now solved (for the funeral director) by an International Cremation Federation. Finally, he must always know "where he can get his coffins and other requisites at the right price when demand is great."

The advertisement columns offer an inviting array to choose from. There are coffins at various prices in English elm and oak, in Japanese elm and oak, in African agba, idigbo and obeche, even in plywood ("immense strength, light weight, good appearance"). Specialities are an Anglo-Yankee Shine or a superwax polish ("gives a brilliant wax finish which does not finger-mark"). There is a "completely combustible" coffin, in an "entirely new material," for cremation; there is another, plush-covered, in purple, maroon or grey. There are Shrouds, Sidesheets and

Ruffles, in swansdown, calico and wadding. There is the "dry ice" method of pre-burial sanitation.

So all will be well. A streamlined deck hearse will remove the residue, followed closely by limousines for the living. After an appropriate valedictory it will be transferred to "a superheated retort," fired perhaps by gas ("unsurpassed for ease of control, smokeless and clean in operation, economical"), perhaps by electricity ("a compact and highly efficient unit, designed for convenience and utility"), in any case "effecting in less than two hours a result which could only be accomplished after many years by burial." The exact time taken will "depend upon the build, weight and water content of the subject. Following "rapid oxidation of the body tissues" the subject's bones will be "crushed to a fine ash by hand with a pestle and mortar or in a pulverizing machine."

We are now a fine white ash, "of greyish colour, and weighing some five pounds." What is to be done with us? A bulkier residue might have rested, in eternal respectability, in Pine Avenue or Larch Avenue or Laurel Avenue or even The Crescent, amid the shrubberies and the "stately Wellingtonias" of the London Necropolis, at peace but for the eternal roar of trains and the rattle of machine-gun fire from Bisley. But to-day (or so we are assured by the Headingley-cum-Burley Burial Board), "a family accepting the cremation as the means of disposal of a loved one is no longer considered to be eccentric." Hence the residue may be disposed of, without solecism, in a neighbouring woodland, lyrically described in a slim volume by a celebrated amateur golfer. Scattered among the fertilizer, it may be remembered in Glades of Remembrance—or forgotten in Glades of Forgetfulness—where on rustic garden seats visitors meditate on other matters. And that will be that.

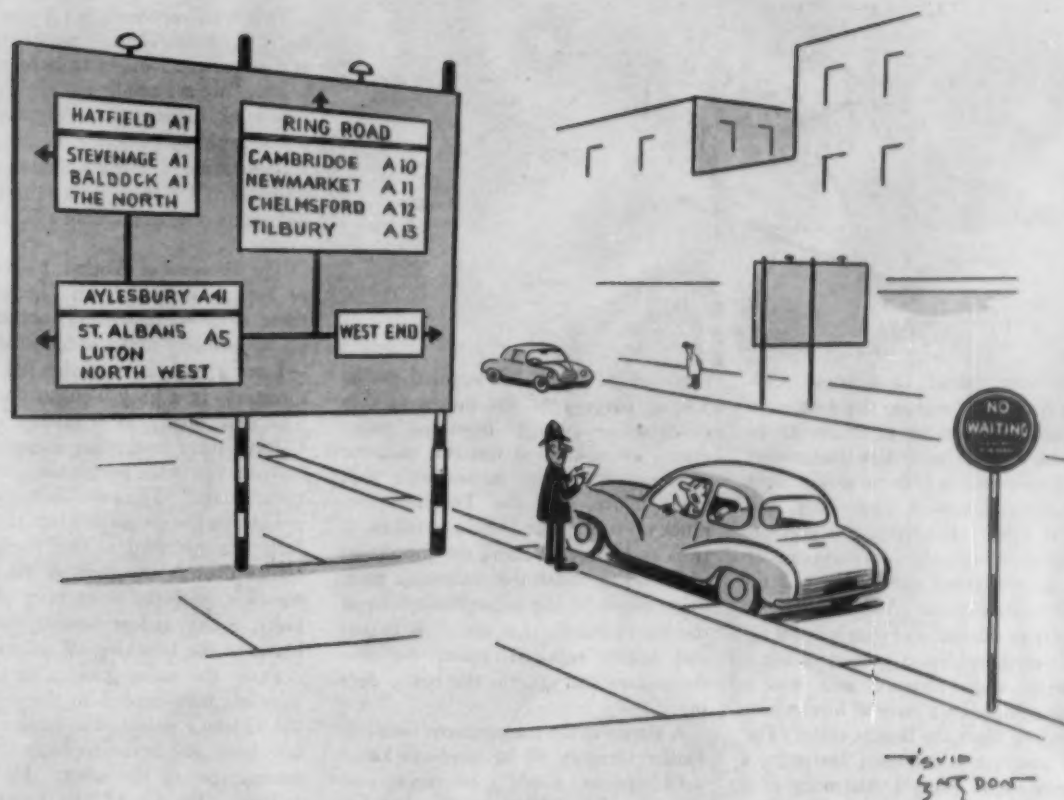
Quick Turnover

"The fund to provide furniture at the Friendship Club for the borough old folks has now reached £462 17s.

An auction sale of furniture will be held at the Friendship Club, Oxford Road, next Thursday at 2.30 p.m. Inspection can be made on the morning of the sale from 10 o'clock. The furniture has to be cleared after the sale."

Brentford and Chiswick Times





"Dammit, it takes time to read these new notices."

Queen Salote's Clock

By H. F. ELLIS

THE Queen of Tonga, with her genius for the right and regal thing, fell in love with the chimes of Westminster when she was here for the Coronation and felt a longing to hear them ringing out in her own far-distant home. They should be installed in the chapel of her palace, and be a perpetual, or at least a quarter-hourly, reminder of the White Queen's capital. So she ordered a clock, which at this very moment is rolling and pitching on its long voyage to the South Pacific.

It is a considerable clock, valued at £1,000 in our money (or £T1250, as nearly as I can work it out), and must have much machinery and many curious wheels and levers. The four great bells, upon which the familiar chimes will sound, alone weigh half a ton. The key to wind it up, which one hopes the makers have remembered to enclose, would be, I suppose, about as much as

a man of ordinary physique could lift. The case and dial must surely, as befits a royal clock, be enriched and illuminated with filigree and scrollwork, with pinnacles and gilded crowns and elephants wrought in ivory and turquoise. The hands, I think (though information on the point is lacking), are likely to be enamelled in blue and gold.

The arrival of such a timepiece in the Friendly Islands ought to be quite a day for the friendly islanders. I see—as anyone must see, whose knowledge of the South Pacific is based on faint recollections of Conrad and Robert Louis Stevenson and some sense of the general fitness of things—I see, then, a line of palm trees fringing a sweep of silver sand. The tropical sun (or nearly so; for Capricorn, on my map, is only a short swim to the northwards) beats down on the placid surface of the lagoon, and the warm air throbs with

the rhythmic thunder of combers breaking on the distant reefs. Close to the water's edge some two or three hundred Tongans are ranged in a semi-circle about a number of mysterious objects which, to cut a long story short and spoil the surprise, are crates containing the component parts of a chiming clock consigned to H.M. Queen Salote. How the crates got there I cannot say, though their battered and gaping condition inclines me to believe that, after many strange adventures not excluding mutiny and shipwreck, they came through the surf by raft and took a pasting in the process. The Tongans, too, I am unable to describe in detail, except that some of them are girls of great beauty with garlands round their necks, and some are not. There are many children in the front row, round-eyed and solemn as in films but not, I think, pot-bellied, for that is a



characteristic more associated with young Africans. Among the men, who carry no spears, an air of excitement is to be noted, at variance with the serenity natural to a people with no public debt (*Whitaker's Almanack*, page 807), and there is much chattering and gesticulation; for even the oldest of them cannot recall so ponderous an offering cast up by the encircling sea. At last one man, bolder than the rest and clearly from his shark's-teeth anklets a person of some authority, steps forward and lays a tentative finger on a piece of mechanism protruding from the largest crate. The slight pressure is enough. Instantly, a whirring sound, fraught with menace for superstitious minds, issues from the depths of the huge parcel, and the chimes of Westminster, ding-dong-ding-dong, ring out across the spell-bound island. The results are all that any writer could desire. A million parakeets, assuming these birds to be indigenous to the islands, rise with a flash of green and gold into the vibrant air. Remittance men, in their far-off palm-leaf shanties, pause with their gin bottles half-way to their lips and swear to make a fresh start. The assembled Tongans break and scatter, some to seek refuge among the trees, others to fling themselves down in attitudes of terror and supplication on the yielding sand. Only Nukua, which I take to be the name of the man who started the trouble, keeps his head and runs with the tireless Tongan stride to the little white hospital where Father Gregory, cassock rolled to his knees, is busy coping with an outbreak of beri-beri, or maybe paw-paw.

"Come," says Nukua briefly. "New God him come one time over water. Make powerful music and all man die."

"Tut!" says Father Gregory. "Have you no faith?" And rising to his feet he

prepares to follow his agitated guide. The screeching of the parakeets dies down as he emerges from the palm-grove, for a kind of tranquil radiance emanates from the missionary's tall, spare figure, and the Tongans, too, pluck up courage and begin to fall in, in twos and threes, behind the protection of his skirts. Even the remittance men, made aware by the strange telepathy of the South Pacific that the crisis is past and sanity restored again, forswear themselves and take to the bottle once more.

A glance at the consignment note tells Father Gregory all he needs to know.

"Him no God," he says contemptuously. "Him number one box b'long White man, tell sun how many times he go round the sky."

Why he speaks in this peculiar way I cannot tell. But he does, and the Tongans understand him and rejoice. Their superstitious awe is replaced by childish eagerness. "You make him work one time?" they cry. "Him sing?" And Father Gregory, with a shrug of his shoulders and a good-humoured "Me no horologist," speedily sets them to work dismembering the crates and connecting up this piece of apparatus with that. What is lacking in skill is more than made up for by the enthusiasm of a hundred helpers, and soon the clock is ticking merrily away. The hands whizz round so fast that it is always meal-time, and the pealing of the chimes is practically continuous; for Tongan Time, it must be remembered, owing to the proximity of the International Date Line, is different from ours. "Hoist!" cries Father Gregory, when all is ready, and the laughing, chattering throng bear the great clock in triumph to their Queen.

That night, when the raw cokernut wine has had its way with them . . .

This is all very well, but it just won't do. "With the clock," say its makers, in a statement I ought to have noticed before, "we are sending seven foolscap sheets of instructions, diagrams and photographs to guide the Tongans who will install it . . . The installation will be undertaken by local labour under the directions of Queen Salote's Director of Works."

The Director of Works! I see now—as anyone must see who knows that there is no more naivety, nothing left unsophisticated in the whole wide world—I see a man in a bowler hat giving directions in a busy Tongan dockyard. "All right, men," he is saying. "Lift! Careful there with that compensating balance, you in the purple overalls. Now then, to me." Thus simply is the work of hoisting the great clock into the Royal Jeep accomplished. The clanking of cranes drowns the roar of the distant combers, and the screeching of parakeets, if any, is lost beneath the shrill blasts of the knocking-off whistles.

I see the same man, a little later, standing bare-headed in the chapel of the Queen's palace, his bowler hat in one hand and seven foolscap sheets of instructions in the other. He is still talking. "Fix A1, A2," he is saying, "to D1, D2. Right. Now bring the knurled knob C opposite R—the knurled knob, fool, not the milled retaining screw—and lower gently into position. So. Now, with the forefinger and thumb . . ."

Exactly. With a minimum of fuss and an utter absence of romance the thing is done. The minutes tick away and the chimes ring out. But underneath the pealing of the bells the sensitive ear detects a curious dry rustling sound. Could it be Robert Louis Stevenson, away there in Samoa, turning restlessly in his grave?

"Girls reqd.; gd. wages; 5-day wk. (44 hr.); amenities include free cocoa (mng.) and tea (afternoon) during 10 min. rest interval; 2 wks. annual holiday after ten months service and Bank Holidays with pay; continuation school for under 18's, time rate paid during attendance; overalls provided free; good mid-day meals in cheerful canteen at very reasonable prices; a wide range of girls' clubs, sports club and social activities also available. Apply between 9 a.m. and 12 noon . . . at the Welfare Dept., — Products, Ltd., —" —*West London Press*

What about sending a car?



"I take it you're in charge here?"

The Good Witness

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

GOOD witnesses are born and not made. Although there are numberless classes where you can learn Canasta, Esperanto or Chinese cooking, even in these days of intensive training for citizenship no one, unfortunately, learns how to be a witness. However, just as doctors may look at their most casual acquaintances from the point of view of their suitability for obscure operations, and undertakers may speculate as to their friends' appearances embalmed, so barristers, ever professional, think of people as good, bad or indifferent witnesses. Anyone, indeed, may find himself involved in murder or arson or parking a motor-car in London; in these circumstances a few suggestions about Good

Witnesses may be helpful, particularly to barristers who rarely meet them.

Swear Conventionally: Any witness is permitted to use any oath which he considers will bind him. A Good Witness will, however, kick off with the more conventional type of oath. It is permissible to begin your testimony by breaking a saucer as your soul may be broken if your words are untrue; or there is some terrible form of oath known to the law which involves the slaughter of a white cock. These ceremonies are to be studiously avoided by the Good Witness, particularly when giving evidence in trustee actions in the Chancery Division. For one thing there are few white cocks kept in captivity in the Law Courts, so that the

whole thing involves painful delay; for another, Chancery Judges are unused to the sight of blood. Do not, when swearing, seize the Book from the usher and deliver the oath in a stentorian bellow without commas; you will be mistaken for a private detective and instantly disbelieved.

Help your own Counsel: he's on your side although he may have forgotten you for the moment. When you are asked some fatuous question in your examination in chief, help your counsel by gently putting him right. After all, you're not his only case. An extreme instance of this occurred with a busy junior in the Divorce Division. Considerably overworked, and doing twelve undefended divorce cases in a line,

this barrister, without looking up from his entirely muddled briefs, said to an enormous sergeant of Grenadiers who had just been inserted into the witness box: "Are you Hilda Annie Jones and were you, as a Miss Maltravers, married to Bertram Jones at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Gunnersbury, on the 4th of July 1951?" To this the sergeant merely roared a hostile and angry "No!" This was being unhelpful. Some short and simple, but convincing, explanation of his failure to be Mrs. Jones was the response called for from the witness.

Don't be deaf: or if you are, remember that the Judge is too. Anyone practising in Divorce knows the joy of calling the wife's aged Mum.

COUNSEL: This is the petitioner's mother, my lord.

SOLICITOR (*whispering hoarsely from behind*): She's stone deaf.

COUNSEL: The witness may have a little difficulty in hearing, my lord.

JUDGE (*sympathetically*): Very well. Let her be sworn.

The witness is sworn and gives her name and address in something under a whisper.

COUNSEL (*a long, ear-piercing ululation*): Are you the petitioner's mother?

WITNESS (*smiling mysteriously*): On a Number 32 bus.

JUDGE (*still sympathetic*): Perhaps you'd

like to go down and stand by counsel, then you can hear what he says?

Long pause while the witness is signalled to, led about the Court by the usher, strays into the Q.C.'s bench, is chivvied out again, and finally comes to rest standing, still smiling mysteriously, beside counsel.

COUNSEL: Now, madam, you know something about this case?

WITNESS: I should do. I'm the only mother she's ever had.

JUDGE (*writing carefully*): She had a lover. (*Looking up balefully*): We haven't heard this before, Mr. Spottiswoode!

COUNSEL: No, my lord, she said—

JUDGE (*unsympathetic*): Well, I can't hear a word. She'd better come up and stand by me . . .

This sort of thing can go on indefinitely: avoid it.

Grow to the point: otherwise examination in chief becomes difficult and, possibly, ill-tempered. Almost any day in the Law Courts you may see the large, florid type of witness his anxious, tiny counsel is trying to lead to victory. His evidence in chief does not come smoothly.

COUNSEL: Now, on August the tenth of last year, just before the accident, were you driving home to your farm?

WITNESS: Ah. That jogs my memory. I'd met this man in France in the 1914 war—

COUNSEL: Which man?

WITNESS: The man who sold me my first car, an old Hispano—

COUNSEL: Come now, I'm asking you about August last year. The accident. Tell us about that.

WITNESS (*injured*): That's what I'm trying to do. You keep on interrupting. I was only a youngster at the time—

COUNSEL: August the tenth, Mr. Henshaw! Grow to the point! Now, wasn't it just at the bottom of Hog's Lane you first saw—

OPONENT (*enjoying himself*): I hope my learned friend won't lead the witness.

WITNESS (*gratefully*): I hope so too. Thank you, sir. I want everyone to hear this. I hadn't had this old car two months. Man named Entwistle sold her me.

COUNSEL (*irritably*): Grow to the point!

WITNESS (*pained and holding up an enormous hand*): Please! Please may I be allowed to tell this in my own way? Am I to be denied justice? . . . And so on. In no time at all the case has developed into an unseemly wrangle between the witness and his own, highly expensive, representative: a waste of money.

"I'm afraid she won't make an easy witness." The young barrister hears this so often from his solicitors, just before some inscrutable Finn or voluble lady, who believes she has discovered how children can be conceived by hydrogen rays, is led hopefully into the conference chamber. He hears it so often that he may wish that there could be classes for witnesses, lessons on how not to say too much, or the best moment to faint in cross-examination; instructions on the importance of not putting the hands in the pockets or wearing a tie. Perhaps, after all, they would be useless. Everyone has called terrible witnesses: men whose oaths might even have been sworn to the tinkling crash of saucers, characters who can't hear, who are Lithuanian, who digress, tell pointless anecdotes, go white and tremble at each question and look longingly at the door: almost claim the right not to be incriminated before they take the oath: appear, at some time in the very recent past, to have committed murder. Judges however, are not always deceived by such people: very often indeed they are found to have been telling nothing but the truth.



" . . . A funny thing happened to you on the way to the theatre to-night!"

Mind Your Knuckles on that Convenience

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

IF you are one of the clever ones who know that there are more roads than one from London to Brighton you must have passed a house called Green Ridges. Not having lived there long I often pass it myself, day-dreaming instead of putting the brakes on. It's called Green Ridges less because it looks out on a wealth of green ridges, which it does, than because we once took a house of the same name which didn't; it had a green, ridged roof but looked out on an overspill cemetery, with shop-backs beyond, and we remember it for the amusing way the lady who rented it to us refused to move out after we had moved in, so that it was never clear if we were her lodgers or she ours. Moreover, she kept her late husband's artificial leg in a corner of the dining-room. This drove us in time to another house nearby, overlooking a scrap-yard and backing on to a school playground. After that we paid eight hundred pounds for the contents of a two-room flat in Hammer-smith (sideboard, fire-irons and green dog doorstep), with seventy-six stairs to carry the groceries up, regular burglaries and a fine view, from the roof, of the Metropolitan Railway.

I mention these adventures in home-making, and could mention more, to show that we do not accept Green Ridges II as our rightful heritage and no more than we deserve. We came up the hard way. When for most of your life you haven't been able to look out of an open window without banging your head on a gasworks it is only just, at this stage, to have nothing nearer than a cow in the middle distance. So let us please have no Socialist mutterings.

In any case, there isn't much to mutter about. The house itself is not large, not handsome, not old, but simply an arrangement of masonry assembled by a man of great caution in financial matters who never used two bricks where one would do, and resisted such fleshly vanities as insulation, so that summer heat and winter cold alike reach us untempered, and a startling scratching under the bedroom eaves sounds like someone sawing in the wardrobe.

But none of this matters, with God's greenery all around, with the bustle and

din of the modern world held at bay. Walk down the long front lawn on a bright blue morning, stand in the sun and look over the hedge, and what do you see?

You see the hedge on the other side of the road quivering as if under some unwelcome compulsion. Suddenly, with a deepish twang, it disappears, revealing men in leather coats and gnarled felt hats, saying "Ah!" You see that they have been assisting, with axes, levers, shovels and other implements of demolition, the tractor which has wrenched the hedge up bodily on the end of a steel rope, and whose roaring you had up to now ascribed to some familiar idiosyncrasy of plumbing in the house behind you. As you watch fascinated, the holly-bush which last Christmas saved you so handsomely on your greengrocery bill springs out of the ground; a small tree falls in the pride of its youth; the next section of the hedge begins to quiver; and one of the men looks up and catches sight of you, seems surprised but not resentful, and shouts across the lane, "Nice morning!"

You do not reply.

I would have minded less, I think, if I had not been so smug, in conversation, over the clause in my Agreement insisting that my property is in an area of "scheduled landscape value" and forbidding me to erect upon it any non-permanent building. For myself, I am prepared to rein in any impulse towards asbestos summer-houses or tarred felt woodsheds, and thus play my part in preserving a bit of England in its natural state. But it nettles me to find, on taking informal legal opinion, that the clause exists specially for me, and is not binding upon any ministerial or municipal authority wishing to develop it as a model

village, or build a runway through it. In fact—and one must be fair—this operation on the green ridge opposite, now developing into a rich mud-belt bordered by post-and-wire fencing, is nothing to do with model villages or concrete runways. It's simply a matter of making this lane the main road from London to Brighton. Nothing serious at all. It may be a year before the first few roadside shacks spring up, bright with Good Pull-In boards and mineral-water placards; before the arrival of a petrol-station, conveniently at the end of my drive; before some alert brewer puts up his solid, glazed enticement to the beer-lover, called "The Farmer's Boy" and clamant for the coaching trade. And even then—who am I to complain about the happiness of twenty thousand motorists an hour? They have to get to the sea somehow, or where's your democracy? Of course, there may be a wait of an hour or so at week-ends when I want to get out on to the road. What of that? There's a nasty bend just below us, anyway, and I may be busy indoors with blankets and weak tea for the accident cases.

Besides, we're still lucky, really. When we get fed up with people throwing bottles over our front hedge we can always go and enjoy the view round the back. Walk down the long, disordered vegetable garden on a bright blue afternoon and look over the back hedge and what do you see? God's greenery all around, that's what you see. And isn't that something else you haven't seen before, just peeping over the hill? A television aerial? Two television aeri-als . . . ? Three . . . ?





"As a matter of fact, the bathroom's contemporary, but not, I feel, entirely out of keeping."

Nest Eggs in Building

"SAFETY-FIRST Investment," "Liquidity Plus Earning Power," "A Home for Your Savings"—these are the advertisement headlines that appeal most commonly to the pocket of the small investor. More than three million savers are now either shareholders or depositors in the seven hundred and seventy-seven building societies of Britain and every year the number grows apace.

Thirty years ago the assets of the societies totalled £195 millions; to-day they stand at about £1,900 millions; Two societies, the Halifax and the Abbey National, have assets exceeding £200 millions (more than those of the entire movement in 1925); two others, the Woolwich Equitable and the Co-operative Permanent, have now moved up into the £100 million class, and fourteen others have assets of £20 million or more, affluence qualifying them to be listed among the giants. During 1954 the societies' resources increased by about 13 per cent, some £370 millions were advanced on mortgage and considerably more than this record sum was received from investors.

The boom is the product of an ambitious housing programme and a rise in personal savings. New houses are going up at a rate exceeding 300,000 a year and a good proportion of them are now built and financed through private enterprise.

Why are the societies so popular with the small investor? Shares and deposits offer no kind of hedge against inflation, nor do they earn interest at a very high or fixed rate. Their appeal is their security. If there is no chance of capital appreciation there is equally no risk of depreciation. The return is moderate but conveniently "tax-free," and investment and withdrawal transactions are easy to make and bear no charges. It has been suggested, notably by Mr. Gaitskell, that shares in the societies can now be regarded as gilt-edged, since no government could afford to see the movement fail, and there is clearly more than a germ of truth in this assumption.

The investor who decides to tuck his savings away in a building society has



seven hundred and seventy-seven names to choose from, and is often in doubt whether to throw in his lot with the whales or to support the sprats. Interest rates are almost uniform throughout the movement; on shares, 2½ per cent net, and on deposits 2 per cent net. These figures are residual, the societies paying income tax at a special "composite rate"—fixed on an assessment of the average tax status of societies' members—of 5s. 1d. in the pound. The standard interest rate on shares is equivalent therefore to £4 10s. 11d. gross, and on deposits to £3 12s. 9d.

Some of the smaller societies offer slightly better terms than the general rate and for this reason are sometimes

Why We Are Dry

PUB-keepers are complaining that their bars are now half-empty. This sudden addiction to teetotalism is restricted to the countryside: cows haven't been affected by the disease. Consequently both the brewers and the proprietors have been baffled.

Attendance at opening hours suddenly began to fall off last autumn, and it's been dropping ever since. Country inns off the main roads are the hardest hit, and if the locals can't find their thirst again the brewers say many will have to close down altogether.

In my village we used to boast that we had a population of two hundred souls and eight good pubs to sustain them. Yet by some miscalculation one can always count at least forty souls in each on a Saturday night.

But if this drought continues we shan't have one pub open by Christmas. It's a serious situation meriting personal and thorough examination.

The owner of the "Coach and Horses" assured me that the Election wasn't the reason why his bar was empty.

"If you go along to the Institute I warrant you won't find a soul at the meeting there either."

Nor did I find any adequate explanation at the "Crooked Gate." Lucy the buxom barmaid still looked as pretty and brazen as ever, and indeed



regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by the public—groundless suspicion. It so happens that the smaller societies—those with assets ranging between one and five millions—are usually those operating most efficiently and with the lowest expense ratios. The annual analysis of expenses by the Registrar of Friendly Societies shows that management costs tend to be highest (per cent of mean total assets) in societies with assets of more than £20 million and less than £1 million. The big boys may suffer from excessive departmentalism, too many branch offices and too many highly-paid officers.

On the other hand their fortunes are not in one bottom trusted.

MAMMON



as I could see over the bar she still carried all before her. Yet there wasn't a single local leering over his mild and bitter. Lucy couldn't give an explanation either. As she said somewhat ambiguously: "I can't understand it, for as you know I always give full measure."

So I eventually dragged myself down the High Street and loped into the "Three Tuns." There the bald-headed proprietor stood behind his bar in a state of bemused trance, hypnotized by staring into the television set. I commented on the absence of regulars.

"Dunno what the reason is," he sighed, "it can't be TV because we've got one here."

"Perhaps your beer's not as good as it used to be?"

"Don't be funny. Try it. This is on the house."

No, that wasn't the reason. Failing to get any explanation in the pubs I decided to question some of the drinkers. Outside the Post Office I stopped Billy Cottle, an old farm labourer.

"Why aren't you in the 'Crooked Gate' having a pint?"

"Myxomatosis," he replied shortly.

"You don't mean to say you've caught it?"

"No. But all the rabbits did."

"What have rabbits to do with beer?"

"They used to pay for it. Money we picked up from rabbits was all beer money. Now there are no rabbits, can't be no beer."

The explanation is adequate, but I don't think the pubs need put up their shutters. Judging by the flush of grass about, now the pests have been cleared, farmers will be able to afford whisky by Christmas.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Monsieur de Beyle

The Private Diaries of Stendhal. Edited and translated by Robert Sage. *Gollancz*, 25/-

STENDHAL—or to give him his real name, Henri Beyle (1783—1842)—is one of the most absorbing figures in literature. His novels *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, and the unfinished *Lucien Leuwen* are in some respects the foundation of the modern psychological novel; yet Stendhal himself had little or no idea of literary form, and his "psychology" is often of a very curious order. In his own lifetime his books never sold, but he prophesied that he would be read about the year 1935. Certainly his present reputation could hardly be higher. At the same time there have been many distinguished writers, including Flaubert, who could see nothing in Stendhal's works.

The point about Stendhal was that he believed in Power. For him, literature was always a second-best. He would rather have been *préfet* of some obscure department of France, or ambassador to a third-rate power, than the most famous author alive. So, at least, he thought. His other great interest was success with women. Unfortunately, although he must have possessed all kinds of interesting qualities, he was no good as an administrator, and not particularly attractive to the opposite sex.

Born of well-to-do middle class parents in the Dauphinée, the part of France noted for the most grinding parsimony and materialism, he had powerful connections among Bonaparte's entourage. These relatives just managed to keep him going in life—a commission for about eighteen months in the Dragoons, a job in, as it were, the Office of Works, employment in the commissariat of the Napoleonic armies invading Europe, and, finally, consul at Civitavecchia. During his spare time he produced his literary works.

Stendhal kept a diary in one form or another throughout a great deal of his life. This volume reduces his two thousand pages to something rather

more than five hundred; of which the latter includes the lengthy observations of his editor.

One is very grateful for such a volume. It omits much that is of little or no interest. One does not want to be unkind to Mr. Robert Sage, evidently a Beylist deeply immersed in his subject. But the translation is at best laborious, at worst excruciating. And what can be



done about the appalling, genial verbosity of American scholars who write of great men as if they were writing the script of a Hollywood film? Mr. Sage's thirteen introductory pieces to the thirteen sections of the diary could have been considerably reduced without loss; and what torture for fellow Beylists to hear Stendhal referred to with facetious affection as a "fastidious little aristocrat"! By all means translate colloquially, but "get mad at my secretaries," or "acts dignified" is surely going a bit far, while "officier d'ordonnance" means an orderly officer or A.D.C., not an "ordnance officer." Yet, in his more restrained moments, Mr. Sage has some good points to make, e.g. in drawing attention to Stendhal's passionate desire to excel as a *dramatist*, his utter lack of gifts in that direction,

and the extraordinary fact that Valéry apparently seriously supposed Stendhal might have become a successful playwright.

To return to the diaries themselves—they cover the years 1802—1814. In them are to be found an astonishing mixture of odds and ends, notes about expenses, feelings about love, speculations about ambition, all of which occurred from time to time to the writer's mind. They should really be read in juxtaposition with *La Vie de Henri Brulard*, Stendhal's account of the first seventeen years of his life which he wrote in middle age; one of the best autobiographies of early life ever written.

It is interesting to compare Stendhal's diary with, say, Pepys and Boswell. In Stendhal we find the same self-examination, lack of hypocrisy, and determination to do better. But already the world has moved into a state of uncertainty to which the diarist can never wholly condition himself. Pepys's world, in spite of political uncertainties and upheavals, presents a comparatively simply problem so far as getting on in life is concerned. Boswell's perhaps less so; already complicated considerations of "sentiment" making themselves felt. Stendhal is in a positive fever, hung between the spheres of Power and of Feeling. He should be read by all interested in such things.

ANTHONY POWELL

Turbulent Journey

Mars in Capricorn. Beverley Cross. *Hart-Davis*, 10/6

Broke in Marseille, 1952, the author—then an atheist existentialist—signed on as ordinary seaman on an 8,000-ton Norwegian freighter bound for the West African Coast. On his twenty-first birthday, in Casablanca, an Arab shipmate presented him with a copy of Cobbett's *Rural Rides*; he ate fresh grilled flying fish, drank cockroaches ground in coffee, and later swaggered ashore, with knife and knuckleduster, at Lagos. The voyage was turbulent: the super-cargo soon fell overboard (pushed, perhaps, by the captain); the cook got left behind after a binge in Nigeria; the cosmopolitan

crew was consistently drunk, violent and disloyal: Oslo the Cretin knocked the author out for stealing his gin, when the actual thief was Dominique the Corsican: the deck-boy went for him with a machete (but Mr. Cross bashed the deck-boy's face on the deck), and even his especial hero, Jock the "super-tramp," betrayed him by selling his watch to buy drink in Douala; finally he himself became morally responsible for a murder through taunting the Corsican with cowardice, though a religious conversion was apparently the result: "through sin, I had found a reason for belief."

J. M.-R.

No Flies in China. G. S. Gale. *Allen & Unwin*, 15/-

Mr. Gale, with other British newspapermen, went to China to report the adventures of last year's Labour Party delegation. When he found the delegation in special trains and planes, and the Press trailing along as distinctly second-class matter and catching only an occasional glimpse of the Attlee or Bevan coat-tails he decided to write about China instead, to readers' great advantage, no doubt. He has the gift of inspiring confidence in the accuracy of his observation and the common sense of his deductions, and his picture—presented with great modesty and no claims to represent the last word on anything—is a disturbing one, of six hundred million people, physically bettered under Communism, but spiritually a blank, believing that they believe in the great god Mao. Mr. Gale is a good writer, with a nice sense of the comic. There is a pleasant reference to one of the few contacts between Press and Politics—when Mr. Harris of *The Times* met Dr. Edith Summerskill at the bottom of a Hangchow swimming pool.

J. B. B.

Coromandel! John Masters. *Michael Joseph*, 12/6

Each novel in Mr. Masters' series about the Savage family is self-contained, but together they build up a picture of British power in India that makes good history and good entertainment. The latest describes the time when the East was fabulous, with dimly understood names on maps, warring petty kings, Portuguese and Dutch and English ships exacting trading concessions, jewels, gold mines and lamas amid the snows. The hero is a Wiltshire farm hand and we see a good deal of his wildly rural life before he runs away and becomes involved in the politics of a small State. His relations with the Temple prostitute he loves and the blind Portuguese heiress who loves him are as important as his relation to The Dream.

This is a mixture of the good old fighting and intriguing and womanizing historical novel and the kind of mysticism that attracts men of action when tired by activity. I enjoyed some episodes but

thought that as a whole it was the odd failure to which even writers as effective and professional as Mr. Masters are occasionally liable.

R. G. G. P.

We Die Alone. David Howarth. *Collins*, 15/-

Jan Baalsrud was one of twelve men who set sail from the Shetlands in March 1943 to sabotage the Germans' air attacks on Russian bound convoys. After reaching Norway, an extraordinary coincidence and lack of courage on the part of a Norwegian upset their plans and Jan Baalsrud was the only one to escape. This is the astounding story of his endurance which hardly seems possible. It would certainly have been criticized as grossly exaggerated if the author had not added a note describing the retraced journey with Baalsrud to interview the numerous people who assisted in the escape.

Falling 300 feet in an avalanche, he recovered consciousness to stumble snow-blinded and frostbitten into a hut where he was fed and tended. Later, gangrene set in and while he was hidden beneath the snow awaiting a party of rescuers, he amputated nine of his toes with his penknife over a period of three days. This is an absorbing book which will be remembered long after it has been put on the bookshelf.

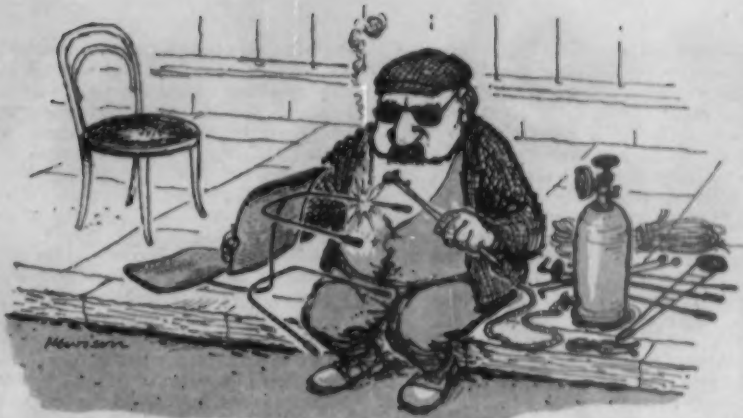
A. V.

AT THE PLAY

Danny Kaye (PALLADIUM)
The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker (NEW)
The Diary of a Nobody
(DUCHESS)

THERE is no need to describe DANNY KAYE again, his sympathy, his brilliance, or to repeat that he is probably the greatest individual entertainer in the world. The important thing is that he is back at the Palladium for six weeks, reciting the names of fifty-eight Russian composers in thirty-eight seconds, rolling out a high tide of international gibberish, telling us preposterous nursery tales, making ordinary little songs sound memorable, and lulling us, as Beatrice Lillie does, with sentiment before a grand slam of wild burlesque.

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No comedian has ever been less at the mercy of his material. It is DANNY KAYE himself we go to see (if we can get tickets); and his own resources seem endless.

It is disturbing, to put it mildly, to be won over to murder and bigamy in the same week. By the golden kindness of its three convicts *My Three Angels* sweeps aside our petty prejudice against the artful execution of the more horrible of relatives; and now, with our battered moral fibres still convalescent, here is *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* to persuade us that the father of two large and happy families is a better citizen than the father of only one.

This engaging American comedy, dated in 1890, is by LIAM O'BRIEN. Its hero's prosperous business obliges him to divide his time between Wilmington and Philadelphia, and being a progressive free-thinker soaked in all the -isms and -osophies of Europe he has succeeded without any prick of conscience in having a loving wife and seven loving children in each place. Until the moment when we meet him, bigamy has worked splendidly; but at last the lid is off, on the eve of the wedding of one of his daughters to a strictly monogamous curate. In this tight spot Mr. Pennypacker's only weapons are the glibness of his tongue and the power of his personality, and our pleasure comes through the awe with which we watch his agile handling of a sobbing wife, a furious father, eight puzzled children and a couple of outraged clergymen, all more or less at the same time.

Wittily written and produced delightfully by JOHN FERNALD, the play gains greatly by its unexceptionable taste. Its weakness is that although nimble, the dialectic with which Mr. Pennypacker smothers opposition is rather lengthy for so light a comedy and yet not quite good enough to raise its status; but to say that Shaw could have made more of the same idea isn't practical criticism. Mr. O'BRIEN hasn't done at all badly, and is very well served by his actors, particularly by NIGEL PATRICK, whose Pennypacker would charm the most

bigoted birds from the stickiest of bushes. The surging emotions of the Wilmington Mrs. Pennypacker are vividly expressed by ELIZABETH SELLARS, JOCELYN JAMES plays with spirit the rebellion of a daughter against free thought, HUGH WAKEFIELD is a very funny grandfather constitutionally on the verge of apoplexy, and JOHN FORREST a curate with his mind in a sad whirl. In the background, but always felt, a horde of small Pennypackers have been brought up by their remarkable father to sort things out for themselves.

When BASIL DEAN's and RICHARD BLAKE's adaptation of *The Diary of a Nobody* came to the Arts last September I described the production as a minor miracle, in capturing against heavy odds as much of Pooterism as it did. Admittedly the second act went sharply downhill, but considering the purely literary tricks on which the original depended, and that nearly all Mr. Pooter's conversation had to be invented, it was an achievement to make us feel, at any rate for a time, that we were listening to the great man himself.

On the way to the Duchess that feeling has been largely lost, and I am afraid the substitution of LESLIE HENSON for GEORGE BENSON is the chief reason. For Mr. HENSON, though superb in the broad strokes of farce, is unaccustomed to portray a limited absurdity. As Mr. Pooter he is so loyal to the rest of

the team, so obviously determined to be on his best behaviour and not fall into any personal extravagance, that he suggests some vast wind instrument that has been uncomfortably plugged and muted. His Pooter is a nice, respectable little man, but dull without the mild but inspired futility which Mr. BENSON, who is after all a specialist, managed to give him.

With Mrs. Pooter HERMIONE BADDELEY suffers less from restriction, though again one feels she has to be very careful. BASIL DEAN's production of the party scene still calls for admiration, and ALAN MACNAUGHTAN still makes Burwin Fosselton's imitation of Irving a wonderful comic turn, but something vital in the air of "The Laurels" has escaped.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Both parts of *Henry IV* (Old Vic—11/5/55), outstanding productions. *My Three Angels* (Lyric—25/5/55) and *Sailor Beware!* (Strand—23/2/55) for laughter with no cerebral strain.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE FESTIVAL

Bath in Retrospect

ON the site, mythically founded by Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, King of Britain, the city of Bath has, through the ages, been a centre of

the arts. Mind you, this was only a last-minute Press hand-out, released by Councillor Gallop, the Mayor of Bath, just before Sir Thomas Beecham lighted the requisite squib, the Festival curtain raiser, *Zémire et Azor*. It may or may not be true (I refer to the statement from the Guildhall), but the squib was authentic. For thirty-five years Sir Thomas has aspired to produce in a sympathetic opera house this eighteenth century work, and all his pent-up authority was unleashed to dominate the orchestra, who burst into "La Marseillaise" (sounding strangely like a jig), to greet the French Ambassador.

Other nights, many Welshmen crossed the Severn to hear Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens reading scenes from the novels. The idea of reflecting the written page at third hand is, it might seem, a foolish one; yet in "Paul," the scene from *Dombey and Son*, first the actor's personality was fortunately submerged, then his bewhiskered portrayal of Dickens playing with his fob no longer obtruded, and finally we were left alone with Paul Dombey, the poor little rich boy with the enormous eyes asking what the waves said. The applause was terrific.

Understandably, I was more interested in Emlyn Williams' appearance as Dylan Thomas. The presentation was wholly delightful. From "Memories of Childhood" and the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog" we had scenes of that "ugly, lovely town crawling, sprawling by a long and splendid curving shore, where truant boys and Sandfield boys and old men from nowhere beachcombed idled, and paddled." After the theatre, while the hardened Festival goers ate duckling croquettes in the sober atmosphere of the Festival Club, located in the Pump Room, Dylan's homing fellow-countrymen must have experienced a feeling of gratification at having heard such a flattering account of a young Welsh dog.

Meandering next day round the town (in no other town are the vegetables so beautifully washed and displayed), I wondered how much any of the famous personages, whose name plaques are embossed on their various houses or lodgings, would have enjoyed the Festival. Jane Austen would have enjoyed the Ridotto—Italian, so I was told, for Assembly. She liked any party if it were a large one, and every ticket for the Ridotto was sold a week ahead. She would, however, have hated the concerts, disliking music, even in a garden "large enough for me to get out of reach of the sound." Apart from that, in spite of the fact that she contrived to send many of her characters to Bath, I am not sure that she really liked the place. Her aunt's being arrested, wrongfully as it turned out, for shoplifting may have had something to do with this.

I am pretty certain that Lord Nelson would not have enjoyed the Battle of Trafalgar, fought nightly on the



[The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker

Pa Pennypacker—NIGEL PATRICK

Recreation Ground by six hundred amateur actors and the Admiralty Male Voice Choir on three acting sets with a seascape panorama. The final scene of the British fleet lit up and in action had to compete with equally brilliantly lit trains which clattered spasmodically across the background.

Naturally, in such a large affair, there were disappointments. Ian Hunter, the Festival director, who had hoped to make it like a little Festival in Provence, hadn't bargained for the rain or the cold. On one occasion, the Battle of Trafalgar, which was expected to prove the Festival money-spinner, had to be cancelled because of a snow blizzard, and the profits on this pageant did not offset the musical losses. But against that, both the visitors and the natives had enjoyed themselves hugely. No one enjoyed it more than Sir Thomas, who put the matter bluntly when he said that Festival music and opera must expect to lose money.

GIDEON TODD



AT THE PICTURES

The Dam Busters—Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

I FIND it more and more difficult to assess the "worthy" British war film. *The Dam Busters* (Director: MICHAEL ANDERSON) has a ready-made enthusiastic public from the two best-sellers on which it is based, PAUL BRICKHILL's book and Wing-Commander GUY GIBSON's own *Enemy Coast Ahead*, and it was singled out for a Royal premiere; moreover it appears that most people who have written about it think it among the best and most impressive of British war films—at least, of those made since the war. And yet, though I agree it's good, it doesn't seem to me so outstanding.

It may unfortunately be necessary to explain to some readers that in so saying I don't mean to imply any lack of appreciation of the magnificence or importance of the action concerned—the destruction of the Ruhr dams in 1943. What seems to me quite certain is that a great number of moviegoers, and perhaps some critics, will be and have been hypnotized by admiration of the real people responsible for the action into a disproportionate admiration for the film about it.

A great many of the film's effects depend on sheer recognition, the pleasure that comes from merely recognizing and recalling with a sort of nostalgia that "that's just how it used to happen," or "that's just how it would have happened then." Not in the bombing action itself, for the numbers of those capable of pronouncing on the accuracy of that are naturally limited; but in the circumstances and incidents that touch innumerable people's civilian and service experience. Intense though it can be, the pleasure of recognition is not high in the scale of aesthetic value.



Wing-Commander Guy Gibson—RICHARD TODD

[The Dam Busters]

It is these two factors, then—admiration for real people, and pleasure at seeing known circumstances reproduced—that I suggest are mainly responsible for the warmth of general approval for *The Dam Busters*; but that is not to say anything against it as a technical job, or indeed as entertainment. MICHAEL REDGRAVE is excellent in a character part as Dr. Barnes Wallis, who thought up the idea of the bouncing bomb, laboured at it through months of experiment, carried it through against apathy, ridicule and active opposition, and was in the Operations Room on the great night to hear that Gibson's specially-formed Squadron 617 had succeeded in breaching the Möhne and Eder dams with it. RICHARD TODD does well enough with the slighter, more simply-written part of Gibson, and the whole story is built up to its climax with restraint, good taste and no artificial dramatics. (Almost the only attempt at an emotional effect comes with the death of a favourite dog.) Certainly the film is good; but I refuse to say it's great.

The Disney version of JULES VERNE's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (Director: RICHARD FLEISCHER) is a curiosity, which I found most interesting for the way—the very elaborate and skilful way—it presents familiar modern inventions and discoveries in the form they might have taken if they had been invented or discovered in 1860. This may sound like no more than an obvious statement of what the book does for present-day readers, and no doubt the design of this *Nautilus* and all the wonders aboard it was based on contemporary illustrations; nevertheless it is fascinating

to see a submarine and other mechanical devices that we know as pre-eminently streamlined looking as if they were part of the well-cared-for furnishings of some very, very old railway station.

This is one main source of entertainment, and another is KIRK DOUGLAS, who enlivens the whole thing with a very pleasing comedy performance as Ned Land, the irrepressible harpooner. The creatures of the deep that somebody went to such trouble to find—or, sometimes, simulate—and photograph made comparatively little impression on me; and as for JAMES MASON's Captain Nemo, what I remember best about him is his habit of playing the Bach D Minor Toccata and Fugue on his richly over-decorated cabin organ.

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Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one in London, is *Les Amants du Tage*, or *The Lovers of Lisbon*, interesting for several reasons, one of them TREVOR HOWARD as a sardonic Scotland Yard inspector with a laboriously English French accent. *Five Against the House* is a good unpretentious thriller with a great deal of very amusing dialogue. *The Age of Indiscretion* (Franco-Italian) seemed to me, though apparently not to most other critics, much brighter and more enjoyable than the average piece advertised as "X." *A Kid for Two Farthings* (25/5/55), *Three Cases of Murder* (25/5/55) and, of course, *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) continue.

Releases include *A Star is Born* (16/3/55) and a good Western with JAMES CAGNEY, *Run for Cover* (11/5/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Laughing Jackasses

ONE of television's most popular items is the monthly budget of film and zoological gossip from Armand and Michaela Denis. "Filming in Africa" deserves to succeed, for it mixes the obvious excitement of the chase with intelligent and palatable comment on subjects that can be and usually are unbearably dull when handled by uninspired pedagogues. It is no mean feat to make simple geology, craniology and ornithology absorbing to the televiewing millions.

In recent programmes, however, there has been a marked tendency to film Armand and Michaela rather than Africa, and this development—personable though the couple may be—cannot be regarded as an improvement. There is everything to be said for lengths of film showing the intrepid explorers on location, mixing with the natives, airing their pets and riding rough-clad through desert and bush: such passages supply the "human interest" in the programmes, and help us to keep the native flora and fauna in proper perspective. But when Armand and Michaela are roughing it, taking risks and braving hardships, I doubt whether it is wise or strictly honest to omit all reference to the other cameramen, those who photograph hero and heroine in their hide, wading through filthy swamp or challenging rogue elephants to do their worst.

Sooner or later every viewer realizes that he is seeing his picture not through the eye of Armand's camera but through that of some unseen and anonymous extra, someone whose burden and trials must be just as heavy as those of the



DAVE KING

HARRY SECOMBE

TED RAY

stars. And when this happens the illusion is shattered and suspicion is aroused.

It can be argued that this is the technique of the cinema, where no one—except the critics—ever thinks of the cameraman at the side of the lone mountaineer, space-man or big-game hunter. But the cinema does not appeal to us for co-operation: it demands acceptance of its fictional conventions. Television programmes, filmed or otherwise, are all documentaries when they deal in matters of fact, and the documentary is never weaker or more disappointing than when it tries to pull the wool over our eyes. I urge M. Denis and his producer to cut out the false heroics and make the camera show more of Africa.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that TV should still be drawing most of its laughs and sniggers from the experienced clowns of sound radio. One after the other the stars of the Light Programme qualify for a "break" in television: they

make their bow, devise token amendments to their turns as concessions to the new medium, trot out all the old catch-phrases, and hope for the best. Their bread-and-butter comes from sound radio and they regard TV merely as an advertisement, a chance to pep up their prestige with the listener and listener research.

This explains, I think, why so much television variety is dull, why so little progress is being made in fitting the screen with an original brand of humour. There are, of course, exceptions, sound radio comics who tackle TV seriously and make the grade. Arthur Askey, Terry-Thomas, Harry Secombe, Eric Barker and now Ted Ray have all shown that they can be much funnier

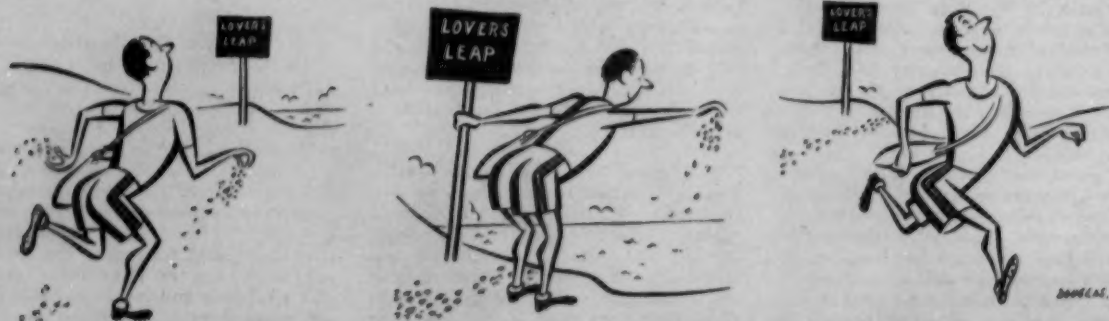
in vision than in pure sound.

Even those comedians who are discovered by TV seem to regard the achievement of stardom as a gateway to lucrative regular employment on the Light Programme. Their material rapidly deteriorates, degenerates into routine patter and loses its visual appeal.

Another TV-made star is David Nixon, one of the many to graduate via parlour games. He is a pleasant fellow, a lightweight jester who parades his modesty and ingenuousness with captivating effect. But like so many of our comics he deals almost exclusively in shaggy-dogged anecdote, infectious chuckles and references to physical idiosyncrasy. I found his recent series rather tiresome.

Dave King, who followed Benny Hill as compère of the "Showcase" programme, is a real discovery. He is gay, confident and winning, mimes brilliantly and knows how to throw away the weaker passages in his script.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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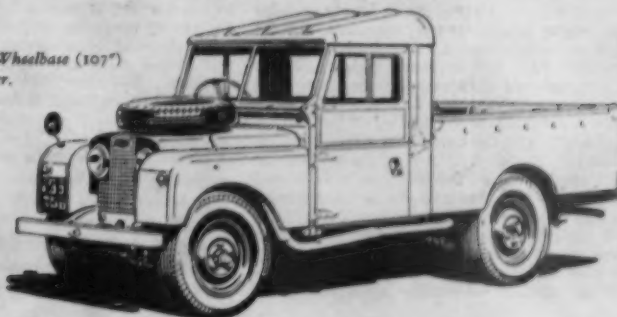


Taking the rough with the smooth...

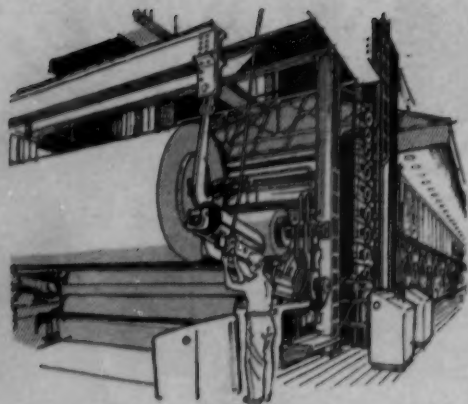
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Sir Eric Bowater at the Annual General Meeting of the Bowater Paper Corporation Limited

Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater announced a programme for considerable expansion in the paper industry at the Annual General Meeting of The Bowater Paper Corporation Limited on May 25, 1955. The Meeting was held at Chester in order that shareholders could visit Ellesmere Port to tour the Mersey Mills and adjoining Multiwall Sack Factory.

Sir Eric stated that the past year had been one of great achievements and great decisions. All plants, factories and mills had reached the highest production level in their history. Earnings for the fifteen-month period to December last exceeded £13 million, and the Directors recommended a final dividend of 15 per cent on the Ordinary capital, which, with the interim dividend of 7½ per cent paid last October, totalled 22½ per cent for the fifteen-month period—equivalent to a rate of 18 per cent per annum, compared with 16 per cent for the previous year. All employees in the British Isles were to receive a bonus equal to three weeks' basic pay, in recognition of the enthusiasm and efficiency with which they have carried out their duties.

Sir Eric quoted a famous British humorous periodical (*Punch*) which had wittily rebuked a section of the British newspaper Press for "artless duplicity" in criticizing Bowaters' profits in the light of British newsprint needs. *Punch* had shrewdly pointed out that the greater part of Bowaters' earnings came from diversified overseas interests. Sir Eric added: "Despite the increase of £2 5s. 0d. per ton (last January) . . . the cost to publishers in the United Kingdom of the newsprint made in the home mills is still the lowest of any that they buy . . . That increase barely covered the higher prices for raw materials and the cost of manufacture and distribution that our industry have had to meet. Never have we attempted, nor shall we in future attempt, to exploit any shortages in supply, and I believe this is generally well known."

Referring to the newspaper strike, Sir Eric stated: "We felt it to be our duty to continue full production in the interests of both our employees and our customers. The paper-maker has a high obligation in a democracy, for the spoken word is not enough to maintain free discussion in modern times. A free Press is also essential, and the strength of a free Press depends ultimately upon the paper

resources of the printing presses—that is to say, upon a regular and sufficient, might I say, abundant, supply of newsprint."

Sir Eric gave further details of the Master Plan for the expansion of the British mills and factories, and he disclosed that this development programme would cost about £25 millions. The programme should be completed in four to five years, and included two new paper machines at Mersey Mills and two at Thames Mills, thereby adding some 225,000 tons of various grades of paper to the Organization's British output annually.

In addition, a new groundwood mill would be built at the Mersey Mills, consuming home-grown wood, whilst another building board mill would also be built in the North.

A further project related to the Corporation's recent purchase of the St. Andrew Mills, makers of "Andrex," "Camelia" and other high-quality cleansing and toilet tissues—another factory would be built beside the Thames Mills to develop to the fullest possible extent the tissue market.

During the year the Bowater Steamship Company had been formed to run the Corporation's new fleet of ships, in replacement of a former fleet seriously depleted by war losses. Two new ships had been launched, and another would shortly be ordered.

Speaking of the new Bowater mills in Tennessee, U.S.A., which began production last year, Sir Eric stated that the output rate, already high, had risen in the past six weeks from 145,000 to 160,000 tons of newsprint a year, and from 60,000 to 65,000 tons of sulphate pulp. The machines had also created an all-time world record for newsprint production by operating at 2,100 feet a minute.

The demand for newsprint through the free world was extremely high, and both circulations and the sizes of newspapers continued to increase. It had therefore been

decided to instal a new paper-making machine at Tennessee immediately, in addition to the two existing machines. The new machine should be in production by the autumn of 1956 and by 1957 it was hoped that the output of these machines would reach 275,000 tons a year. The additional funds needed for this development, \$25,000,000, are being obtained entirely in North America on satisfactory terms.

The Corporation's Canadian mills at Corner Brook, Newfoundland, were to embark on a considerable expansion programme, to be financed entirely out of their own resources. The Corporation had formed a separate company, The Bowater Power Company Limited, to take over and operate the Deer Lake hydro-electric power station near Corner Brook, originally designed to serve the mills but now also serving many other customers in a rapidly developing area. The resulting cash received by the Corner Brook Company, Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills, from the sale of these assets had been applied in redeeming the whole of that company's funded debt.

It is intended that most of the cost of British developments will be provided from the Organization's own resources, but new capital will still be required. The Corporation proposed shortly to offer Ordinary shares on favourable terms, by way of rights, to Ordinary shareholders, and a resolution for the increase of the Corporation's capital by the creation of additional Ordinary shares was passed at the Meeting. Later in the year the Directors hoped to be able to propose a reorganization of the capital of the Corporation and its subsidiaries in the United Kingdom, in order to render the capital structure more flexible. It is also hoped that a further funding issue of Ordinary shares can then be made, as fore-shadowed in July, 1954.

Bowaters' development programme involves, in the United Kingdom alone, a £25,000,000 expansion plan. Four new high-speed paper machines, each costing more than £1,000,000, each longer than a football pitch, form the core of the expansion of the Organization's mills in Kent and Cheshire.

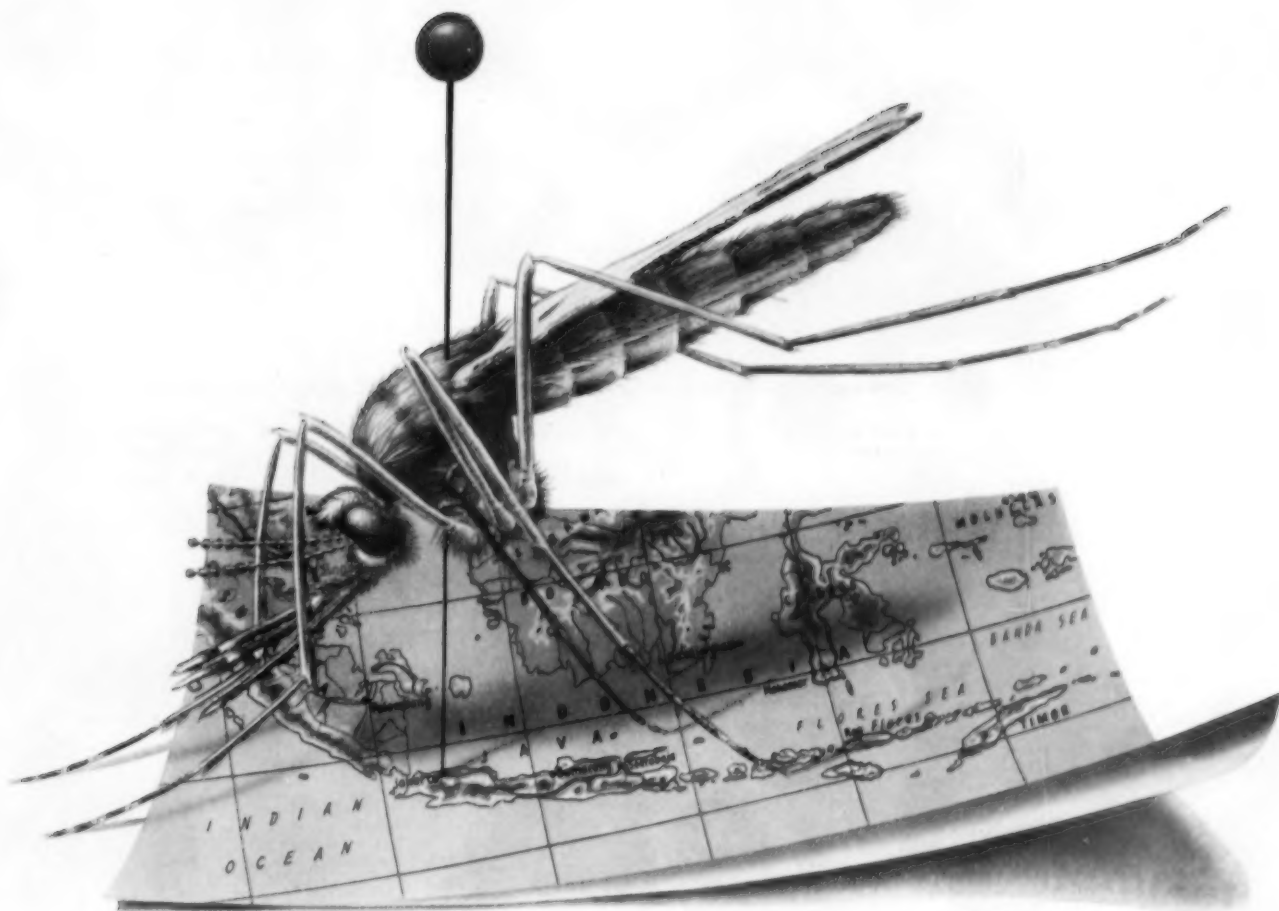
And in the Tennessee Mills, the installation of another machine alongside the two which were brought into operation as recently as July, 1954, will soon increase the newsprint capacity of these mills, the most modern in the world, by 50 per cent.

The Bowater Organisation

GREAT BRITAIN : UNITED STATES OF AMERICA : CANADA : AUSTRALIA : SOUTH AFRICA

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Copies of the complete speech by Sir Eric Bowater, Chairman of the Corporation, are available on application to the Secretary, Bowater House, Stratton Street, London, W.1.



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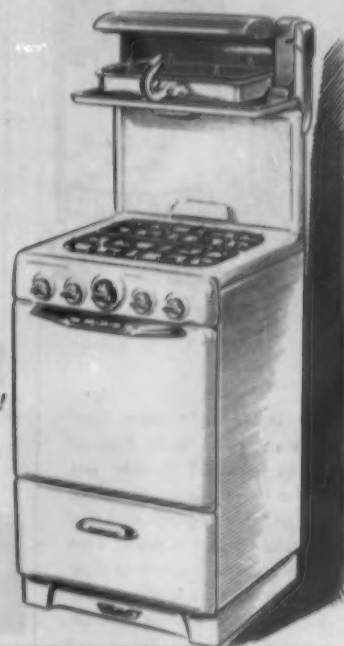
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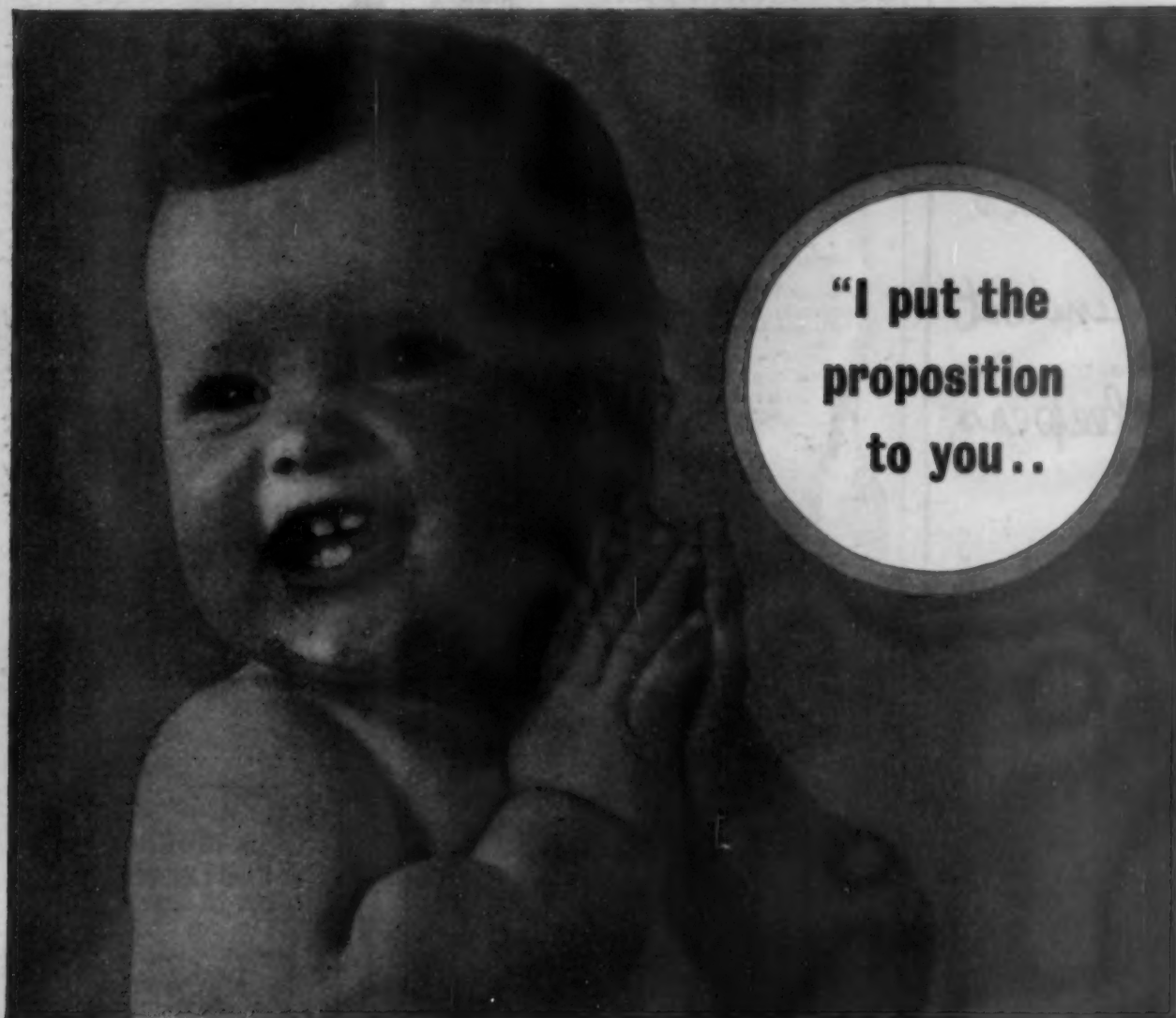
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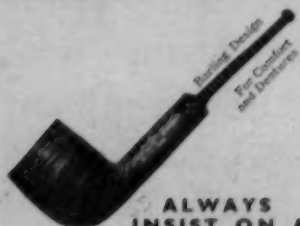
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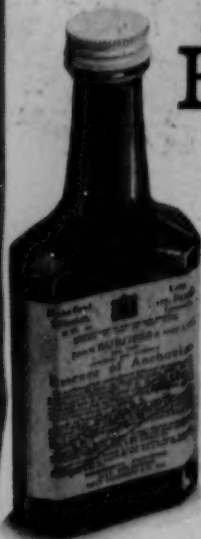
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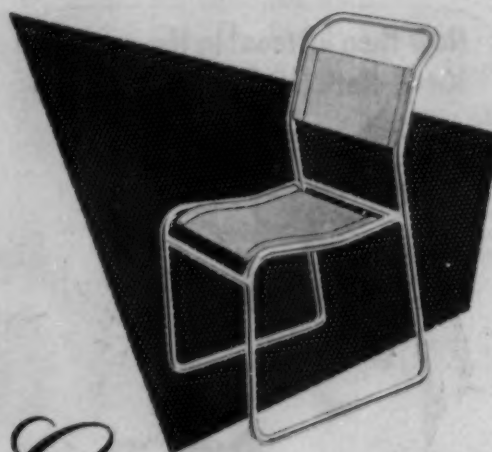
How much time does old machinery cost?

When obsolete or outworn machinery will no longer meet the needs of production, the question of disturbing capital to purchase up-to-date plant will often cause long and costly delays. In such cases, budgeting for expenditure with the use of Bowmaker industrial finance facilities will often answer the problem simply and speedily. Enquiries to any of our branch offices will receive prompt, personal attention—your local telephone directory will give you the address and telephone number of your nearest Bowmaker branch.

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BOWMAKER LTD., Bowmaker House, Lansdowne, Bournemouth
London: 61 St. James's Street, S.W.1. Branches throughout the U.K.

M-W. 145



*C*HAIRS are, of course, primarily designed for comfortable sitting . . . but sometimes they are in the way. For instance, when the floor of an assembly hall or canteen has to be cleared to allow free space for dancing or games. Cox nesting chairs, as shown above, are made to suit such occasions. They are comfortable, yet 100 of them can be stacked in 20 sq. feet floor area.

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A Chateau near Spa—Photo: Belgian Tourist Office.



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